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SELECTED POEMS OF ALEXANDER POPE

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SELECTIONS FROM
JOHN MILTON

Edited by
MARTIN W. SAMPSON
Cornell University

SELECTED POEMS OF ALEXANDER POPE

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

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F. S. Crofts & Co.
NEW YORK 1926

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At the present time there is danger of the sacrifice of what I may call dispassionate men of letters and poets. For a long while they had the upper hand and all honour; we pleaded for Shakespeare, Milton, and Dante, even for Homer; there was no need to plead for Virgil, Horace, Boileau, Racine, Voltaire, Pope, and Tasso; they were looked up to and recognised by all. Now the former have gained a complete victory, and things are entirely changed: the greatest and most primitive minds rule and triumph; those who have less invention, but are still naïve and original in thought and expression, the Regniers and Lucretiuses, are replaced in their proper sphere, and the tendency is to subordinate the dispassionate, cultivated, polished poets, the classical authors of a former age, and, if we are not careful, to treat them a little too cavalierly; relatively speaking, a sort of disdain and contempt is very near overtaking them. It seems to me there is room to uphold all, and that none need be cast aside, that in rendering homage and reverence to the great human forces that like the powers of nature burst forth with some strangeness and roughness, we need not cease to honour the more restrained forces that, less explosive in expression, are clothed in elegance and gentleness.—*Sainte-Beuve.*

CONTENTS

PAGE

INTRODUCTION

The Element of Art in Eighteenth Century Poetry ix
Table of Dates xxvii

POEMS

Ode on Solitude 1
Essay on Criticism 2
The Rape of the Lock 24
Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady 49
Eloïsa to Abelard 52
Prologue to Mr. Addison's Tragedy of Cato 63

MORAL ESSAYS

Essay on Man 65
Epistle I 65
Epistle II 75
Epistle III 84
Epistle IV 94
The Universal Prayer 107
Moral Essays in Four Epistles to Several Persons 109
Epistle I. (to Lord Cobham): Of the Knowledge and Characters of Men . 110
Epistle II. (to a Lady): Of the Characters of Women 119

PAGE

Epistle III. (to Lord Bathurst): Of the Use of Riches 128
Epistle IV. (to the Earl of Burlington): Of the Use of Riches . . . 141

SATIRES

Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, Being the Prologue to the Satires 148
Satires and Epistles of Horace Imitated . 161
The First Satire of the Second Book . 162
The Second Satire of the Second Book . 167
The First Epistle of the First Book . . 173
The Sixth Epistle of the First Book . 179
The First Epistle of the Second Book . 183
The Second Epistle of the Second Book 196
Epilogue to the Satires in Two Dialogues 206
Dialogue I 206
Dialogue II 212

Conclusion of The Dunciad 220

Notes to the Poems 222

Appendix A, Chronological Bibliography . 263

Appendix B, Pope's Versification 267

INTRODUCTION

THE ELEMENT OF ART IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY POETRY

In a review, in 1892, of Austin Dobson's first volume of *Eighteenth Century Vignettes,* Lionel Johnson declared that he himself was among the genuine lovers of the eighteenth century. "To its votaries and devotees it is the enchanted, the golden, the incomparable age: our dearest friends lived in it, and our best books were written in it. We know that the ages of Shakespeare and of Milton were greater far than the age of Addison and of Pope, of Johnson and of Burke, of Berkeley and of Gray, of Fielding and of Richardson: we acknowledge the exceeding glory of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats; but for pure and genuine pleasure we turn most often and most gladly to the age of the golden mean. Glover's *Leonidas* does not depress us; we can stomach Beattie on Truth; Home's *Douglas* and Mason's *Caractacus* are positively our delights. In the meanest last-century book there is something of urbanity, atticism, grace, composure, ease; some felicity of arrangement or charm of manner: the hireling pens of pamphleteers, the pensioned Grub-Street Muses, have a pleasant way of seeming scholarly and grave, or bright and witty. Critics and controversialists, whose whole aim was a brutal bludgeoning or filthy bespattering of their opponents, yet kept about them some air of taste and art. The vile thing was done with a certain

happy congruity, a certain dextrous and able grace. For myself, let me confess that the literature of the last century has few dull places: deistical treatises, Christian evidences, third-rate essayists, Odes to Solitude, I can enjoy them all. In a word, the bad writing of the last century is more tolerable than that of any other century; it shows more of the craftsman, the artist, the master of composition and design." [1]

These eulogistic remarks probably belong to the whimsical school of literary criticism; at any rate, they will appear so to the uninitiated, who will suspect Lionel Johnson of having written with his tongue in his cheek. But here, as often, the jaunty and unabashed paradox turns out to be the plain truth. For the fundamental point in any intelligent and adequate appreciation of eighteenth century poetry, is the recognition in that period of a fine and pervasive sense for art. It is true, this is hard doctrine, especially in our Anglo-Saxon world; when we think of English poetry, we think of the Renaissance and the nineteenth century, with the Age of Neo-Classicism, a barren desert, lying between them. The Romantic movement caused a more violent break in our cultural traditions than it did in Latin countries, especially France. Our prejudices and tastes, in literature as in life, are strongly Romantic. Only by study and readjustment can most of us come to understand what constitutes the enduring value of the English Classical Age. The purpose of this introduction is to assist the reader in this readjustment, by examining some of the theories and traditions of eighteenth century poetry.

There is a preconception quite common among lovers

1 By permission from Lionel Johnson's *Reviews and Critical Papers* (1921), published by E. P. Dutton & Company.

of poetry, a preconception supposed to have the high sanction of Matthew Arnold, that since the eighteenth century was a period of prose and reason, the verse of that time is only metrical prose and really not poetry at all. This preconception is based on two errors, one of fact and one of theory. In the first place, there is far more emotion in our Classical poetry than would be inferred from this criticism of it. To illustrate, no one understands Pope who thinks only of the *Essay on Man* and ignores the *Elegy to an Unfortunate Lady* and *Eloisa to Abelard;* still further, no one understands Pope as satirist who does not feel the intensity of the emotion in the lines on Atticus and in the conclusion of the *Dunciad.* Nevertheless, it is true that there is a larger proportion of intellectual verse in our Classical period than in either the Renaissance or the Romantic period. The theoretical problem is whether or not such verse is true poetry. One sometimes hears that "intellectual poetry" is a contradiction in terms, in as much as poetry, like the other arts, is "the language of the emotions." The best way to test such a limitation of the subject matter of art is to apply it. To illustrate somewhat at random: it would at once rule out most Greek sculpture, much of Bach's music, many admired passages in Shakespeare and Browning, the art of Whistler, most architecture, and those indispensable fine arts which beautify our domestic interiors. Obviously, the theory must be wrong.

A more comprehensive and serviceable conception of art is to be found in that development of German æsthetics called the theory of "einfühlung." According to this theory, art, *as art,* appeals primarily to the imagination. Form is the distinguishing quality of art, and art form is a satisfaction of the imagination.

The imagination flows into and fills, so to speak, the form of the artistic object, and lives for the moment within the limits of this artistic form. Thus the imagination balances itself in the form of the Greek temple, aspires with the lines of a beautiful vase or a beautiful chair, feels the vastness, intricacy and satisfying completeness of the *Divine Comedy,* and pulsates in the rhythm of a poetical line. This theory of art form as offering the satisfaction of a free and disinterested play of the imagination, cannot of course be attributed, with its psychological subtlety, to the critics and poets of the eighteenth century. But it is an excellent hypothesis for the student who wants to recapture, by sympathetic comprehension, the experience of eighteenth century readers and writers of poetry. It stresses form, as did the Classic age. It permits of all the variety of subject matter found in Classic verse. It helps us to understand the aims and ideals of the Classic poets, sympathize with their emphasis, and perhaps even to see some sense in the narrow rules of their critics.

If we may assume then, for the present, this modern theory that the enjoyment of art is first of all an imaginative enjoyment of form, let us try it as a clue to eighteenth century taste in poetry. Let us begin with the individual line of verse.

The word "numbers" is the most common synonym of the time for poetry. It falls with singular unpleasantness upon the ear of the modern reader. It suggests to him that the skill of the Classical poet was mechanical skill in counting to ten. But the word "numbers" had a different denotation and a different connotation in the eighteenth century. As a critical term it was inherited from the Renaissance, and ulti-

mately from the ancient classics. It was used to indicate metre, to indicate poetry in general, but very often also to indicate specifically what we mean by rhythm, or cadence, as distinguished from metre. Thus, Cicero says that Isocrates added numbers to prose (*numeros verbis solutis adjunxit*) and that Herodotus, the historian, was lacking in numbers. In his *De Oratore* Cicero lays it down as a fault if, in the attempt to secure numbers in prose, one produces metre. Milton uses the word in this sense in the line:

> Then feed on thoughts, that voluntarie move
> Harmonious numbers.

If we recall the frequency of such expressions as "Waller's sweet numbers," "the sublime of Milton's numbers," it is obvious that the term often indicated the very essence and life of the movement of the poetical line. For the eighteenth century knew well the difference between a poetical line which lives and pulses, and one that is mechanical and dead. The whole matter is put clearly by John Hughes in his essay *Of Style* (1698):

> The last qualification I mentioned is *Cadence,* in Poetry called *the Numbers.* It consists in a disposing of the words in such order, and with such variation of periods, as may strike the ear with a sort of musical delight, which is a considerable part of eloquence. This is chiefly that which makes a style smooth, and not merely the avoiding of harsh words. The best way to attain it, is to prepare yourself, before you begin to write, by reading in some harmonious style, that so you may get your ear well in tune.

The eighteenth century understood, then, that poetry is cadenced, rhythmical, living verse. But we are accustomed to thinking of rhythm as exclusively emo-

tional. It is governed by emotion in this passage, for instance, from Shelley's *Ode to the West Wind:*

> Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
> What if my leaves are falling like its own!
> The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
>
> Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
> Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
> My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

But the rhythm may also be intellectual, as in the well-known lines from Goldsmith's *Deserted Village:*

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.

Intellectual energy may expend itself in the pulsation of a rhythmical line, as well as emotional energy; and the one movement is as genuine art as the other. Intelligent readers of Dryden appreciate how perfectly his art expresses the vigor of his mind. But we need not limit ourselves to the eighteenth century in illustrating intellectual rhythm; Browning, for instance, frequently reasons, or even argues, in poetry: as in *Old Pictures in Florence* and *Rabbi Ben Ezra.*

What has been said of rhythm or "numbers" applies also to the couplet. Cowper, who should have known better, in as much as he owed some of the effects of his own art to Pope, called Pope's art mechanical. But if Pope and the other writers of the couplet really aimed at "significant numbers," then either their art was not mechanical or else they failed completely to achieve their definite and conscious purpose. The riming couplet was of course the unit of Pope's art, but we must not be betrayed by the apparent uniformity of it. Its inner structure was complex enough to

permit of exquisite variations, and Pope, especially, was virtuoso enough to understand them. However, these variations are minute and delicate, and lost on any but the experienced and attuned ear. "It is like looking at the world through a microscope," says Hazlitt, speaking of Pope's poetry in general, "where everything assumes a new character and a new consequence, where things are seen in their minutest circumstances and slightest shades of difference." To say that all cameos look alike is to advertise that one has not looked closely at them. And it is of primary importance to appreciate that the couplet was not the same instrument in the hands of Dryden, Pope, Young, Johnson, Goldsmith and Cowper, just as everyone distinguishes the individual styles of the great eighteenth century writers of prose.

Moreover, the couplet is often handled with such freedom as a part of a larger rhythmical paragraph, that the reader does not really feel each couplet as an independent unit. Recall the supreme passages in Pope, such as the descriptive and narrative paragraphs in *The Rape of the Lock,*—or the character of Atticus, with its cumulative force of ironical laughter, breaking into tears in the last line,—or the slow, dirge-like cadence of the conclusion of the *Dunciad,*—is not the movement in each case something larger, which envelopes the couplet and sweeps it along, rather than a mere succession of couplets? The delicate graces of the individual couplets should not interfere with our appreciation of the larger design. The quotableness of individual lines is justly put down to the credit of the artistic genius of the Classical period. But one can get only a very inadequate understanding of this artistic genius from a dictionary of familiar quotations. The

eighteenth century was interested in the whole work of art, not in fragments.

It is interesting, in view of the concern of criticism since Wordsworth's time with the false poetic diction of the Classicists, to note how small a value they assigned to the beauties of diction. "Expression, and all that belongs to words," says Dryden, "is that in a poem which coloring is in a picture." Now it is well known what little importance the Classical painters conceded to coloring. We are told by Félibien (1658–1733), that Poussin (1594–1665) in his early career studied the coloring of Titian. "But in proportion as he perfected his art," says Félibien, "he was always more and more concerned with form and correctness of design, which he well understood constituted the principal part of painting." Le Brun (1619–1690) in a lecture before the French Royal Academy, developed the proposition that "design imitates all *real* things, whereas color only imitates that which is accidental." One might collect a volume of quotations to prove this scorn of coloring as giving a pleasure of a lower order than beauty of design. But we are concerned with poetic diction. It was Mrs. Lamode in Gildon's *Complete Art of Poetry* (1718) who wanted "wit and poetry of a fashionable turn, fine things and fine language." She received the following reply:

> As for your Ladyship's *fine Things*, and *fine Language*, to prefer these to more charming, and more essential excellencies, wou'd be as ridiculous, as to prefer your Ladyship's *Dress* to your *Person:* A Complement, I dare believe, that you wou'd not think so gallant, as the *Mode* and *Fashion* require. It is indeed, in some *Poems*, and some sort of *Poetry* the most valuable part; but then that sort is of the most *inferior* rank, and full of the most base *Allay;* as perhaps the Men may really think *some Women* of *less* value than their *Cloaths.*

Gildon also pays his respects to the *Criticaster,* the "meer *Piece-Broker* of *Parnassus,*" who he says "reaches no farther than Words and Sentences; dealing in the very Scraps of Poetry; a Couplet, an Expression is the utmost he pretends to. But for a Design, or complete Poem, to meddle with it, he accounts Pedantry, or Imposition."

In this emphasis on design the Classicists looked to the ancients for their authority. "Invention," says John Hughes, "was among the Antients universally look'd upon to be the principal part of poetry." And he quotes Plutarch as follows: "Neither the Numbers, nor the ranging of the Words, nor the Elevation and Elegance of the Stile, have so many graces as the artful contrivance and Disposition of the Fable." Likewise Pope recalls that Aristotle called the "Fable" the "Soul of Poetry." "Invention," says Pope, "is the very foundation of Poetry. It is the Invention that in different degrees distinguishes all great Genius's." It is illuminating to see in what order Pope discusses the aspects of Homer's genius: first the fable, then the characters, the speeches, the sentiments, the descriptions, images and similes, where he continues: "If we *descend* from hence to the *Expression,* we see the bright Imagination of Homer shining out in the most enliven'd Forms of it. We acknowledge him the the Father of Poetical Diction, the first who taught that *Language of the Gods* to men. His expression is like the coloring of some great Masters, which discovers itself to be laid on boldly, and executed with Rapidity." To Pope, poetical diction, though it be the language of the gods, was not so divine as the more essential beauty of design, the beauty of the whole work of art.

From the point of view of æsthetics it is of course a serious fault of the Classical age that it failed to see that coloring and diction should be an essential and organic part of the design or composition. Had they rated poetic diction higher, they might have erred less in their practical handling of it. But in spite of this just criticism, the wise reader of eighteenth century poetry will tactfully adjust himself and read in the spirit in which the poetry was written. He will remember that the Classical age is no more truly represented by its poetic diction than by literary fragments and incompleted masterpieces.

The eighteenth century poets and readers loved the beauty of design, the beauty of the artistic whole, more than the beauty of fragments and diction, because they believed that beauty of design called into play the highest faculties of the mind. Such qualities as proportion, harmony, graceful disposition of parts to form a satisfying unity,—these appealed not to the sensual ear, but to the intelligence that loves divine order, truth, harmony—the intelligence that is disciplined to the desire for an organized world. To the Classicists this ideal of art seemed so clear and self-evident that they never seriously subjected it to critical examination. They constantly stated it as axiomatic. Hence the rules. If the end of art is so clearly determinable, it must be possible, they reasoned, to formulate principles to guide the artist in the attainment of that end. It was not that genius could be dispensed with; the artist must first have the divine urge. But genius must be educated and regulated. In the formulation of the rules the Classicists of course went to extremes, as have also, for example, some modern enthusiastic formulators of dramatic technique since Ibsen. How-

ever, the definiteness of the rules does not mean that Corneille and Boileau, Dryden, Pope and Johnson, all believed that art can be produced by rules of thumb.

It is incorrect, also, to speak of the Classical conception of art as indicating a "hard and dry rationalism." Rationalism it certainly was, but why must all rationalism be called "hard and dry?" The rationalism of classical art and poetry was inherited in large measure from two of the greatest and most inspiring philosophical traditions of antiquity, Stoicism and Platonism, and it retained some of the fine and generous idealism of each of these two traditions.

The indebtedness of classical art theory to the great Stoical tradition is obvious enough. From this tradition was derived the key-doctrine of Nature. Pope's passage is familiar:

> First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
> By her just standard, which is still the same:
> Unerring NATURE, still divinely bright,
> One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
> Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
> At once the source, and end, and test of Art.

Art is the "imitation of Nature." But "Nature" is a word of many meanings; it is used in a different way in the twentieth century from what it was in the eighteenth. To us, it suggests the landscape, but the Classical poet had very little interest in the landscape for its own sake; he preferred to write about human life, especially the life of cultivated and intelligent humanity. Again, we have the philosophical term "Naturalism" which we apply both in ethics and in art, generally to sympathetic treatment of individual ideas and desires. This was the "Nature" which the

pleasant and indulgent Montaigne took for his guide more than three hundred years ago. In his own words, as translated by John Florio: "I have taken for my regard this ancient precept, very rawly and simply: That *We cannot erre in following Nature:* and that the soveraigne document is, for a man to conforme himselfe to her. I have not (as *Socrates*) by the power and vertue of reason, corrected my natural complexions, nor by Art hindered mine inclination. Looke how I came into the World, So I goe-on: I strive with nothing." Certainly this was not the Nature of Classical art. What the Classicist was interested in was not the individual peculiarity which separates the individual from his kind, but the Nature which is significant, typical, universal. Montaigne misinterpreted, probably with a delicious ironical intention, the "ancient precept" of the Stoics about "following Nature"; he turned their phrase upside down. For the Stoics meant by the term that universal Reason which pervades and gives meaning to the actual world, the ideal order towards which the actual world is striving. Order is heaven's first law; but the actual conditions of human life are chaotic; only through art does the divine element clearly emerge. Even Charles Gildon is stirred by the idealism of this conception. "Without *Art,*" he says, "there can be no Order, and without *Order, Harmony* is sought in vain, where nothing but shocking *Confusion* can be found. Those scattered Sparks of a great *Genius,* which should shine with united Glory, are in the huddle of Ignorance or want of *Art,* so dissipated, and divided, and so blended with Contraries, that they are extremely obscured, if not entirely extinguished. Thus the particles and Seeds of Light in the Primocal Chaos struggled in vain to

exert their true Lustre, till Matter was by *Art Divine* brought into order, and this *noble Poem* of the *Universe* compleated in *Number* and *Figures,* by the Almighty *Poet* or *Maker.*"

It is then fairly obvious that there is a heritage of Stoic idealism in the Classical conception of Nature. It is more difficult to show that the Classical age is tinged with Platonism. For the *direct* influence of Plato was not great during this period, nor did he have many conscious and enthusiastic followers, although the age was not lacking in these. His influence was rather indirect, and often indeed not recognized at the time as Platonic. The eighteenth century derived a large part of its ideas from the Renaissance, and often spoke a language of whose ultimate origin it was unaware. For instance, the painter Jonathan Richardson probably had little time left after his painting and his Miltonic studies, to read either Plato or the Stoics. But note how he combines the language of both: "the painter," he says, in his *Essay on the Theory of Painting* (1715), "should consider what manner of handling will best conduce to the end he proposes, the Imitation of Nature, or the expressing those Raised Ideas he has conceived of possible perfection in Nature, and That he ought to turn his pencil to." In another place he says: "Perhaps nothing that is done is properly, and strictly Invention, but derived from something already seen, tho' sometimes compounded, and jumbled into Forms which Nature never produced: These Images laid up in our Minds are the Patterns by which we work when we do what is said to be done by invention. . . . So *that* is said to be done by the Life which is done, the thing intended to be represented being set before us, tho' we neither follow it Intirely,

nor intend to do so, but Add, or Retrench by the help of preconceiv'd Ideas of a Beauty, and Perfection we imagine Nature is capable of, tho' 'tis rarely, or never found."

Now this Platonic interest in perfect Ideas is not so surprising in Richardson. Its sources are evident enough. Richardson had been reading French and Italian authorities on painting, among whom was still lingering some of the Platonic modes of thought of the Italian Renaissance. Moreover, the Classical school of art considered itself the school of Raphael; Raphael stood alone among the moderns in the perfection with which he had re-embodied the spirit of antique art; Raphael belonged with the Greeks. What language could be more apt in praising this pure beauty of the great master-painter, the beauty which all lesser painters also aspire to, than the phraseology of the Platonic philosophy?

But there were also other channels by which Plato's conception of ideal truth and ideal beauty were transmitted to the Classicists. The writings of Cicero, for instance, by their high authority and moderate tone, were admirably qualified to mediate between Plato and an age suspicious of enthusiasm and extravagance. Perhaps the most astonishing illustration of the natural affinity between Platonism and classical art and the indirect ways by which the two were united, is found in the treatise by Père André (1675–1766) on "The Beautiful" (1741). The beautiful which Père André had in mind was of course the art of the French Classical age; but the philosophical ideas in his volume are Platonic ideas borrowed from St. Augustine. As a rule, however, these Platonic ideas were more likely to circulate when they had ceased to be called Platonic.

Recall how Dryden, in his *Parallel of Poetry and Painting,* translated out of Bellori a passage on painting, "which cannot be unpleasing," he says, "at least to such who are conversant in the philosophy of Plato." After a quotation of several pages, Dryden adds: "though I cannot much commend the style, I must needs say, there is somewhat in the matter." Dryden responded to the Platonism of Bellori, but at the same time he was afraid of it; he accordingly follows it with a passage out of Philostratus, which, he says, "is somewhat plainer." In this suspicious admiration, Dryden typified the eighteenth century. Although it had inherited Platonism along with other elements of Classicism, from the Renaissance and from antiquity; although its ideal of art, and its mode of enjoyment of art, had a close affinity with Platonism, the eighteenth century did not focus its attention on Platonic ideas, preferring something more definite and less atmospheric. Nevertheless a philosophical influence is none the less real because it has ceased to operate as a doctrine and become an inspiration and a mode of enjoyment. For Classical art had its own inspiration. When Boileau said that nothing is beautiful but the true, he was referring not to facts, but to the ideal truth. To Sir Joshua Reynolds, the Grand Style meant the painting of ideal beauty; the painter, he said, "must transcend reality; and what may seem a paradox, he learns to design naturally by drawing his figures unlike to any one object. The idea of the perfect state of Nature, which the artist calls the ideal beauty, is the great leading principle by which works of genius are conducted. By this Phidias acquired his fame." Such art, the Classicists felt, is the highest attainment of man, the achievement once more of order, meaning, beauty, in a chaotic world. As an

anonymous critic wrote (in 1697) of Davies' poem, *Nosce Teipsum:* "In reading such useful performances, the wit of mankind may be refined from its dross, their memories furnished with the best notions, their judgments strengthened and their conceptions enlarged, by which their minds will be raised to the most perfect ideas it is capable of in this degenerate state."

It is in some such way as has been sketched in this essay that the art of eighteenth century poetry should be approached. We must not overwork the word "formalism," but rather remember that without form there is no art, that form *is* art. And behind the Classic interest in form there was a philosophy of life, a philosophy that was noble and worthy of respect. It is useful here to compare one art with another. We admire the order, symmetry, and perfection of such things as the music of Handel, colonial domestic architecture, the portraits of Reynolds; we should enjoy the same qualities in the occasional verse of Prior or Waller, the fables of Gay, the chiselled quatrains and couplets of the host of minor poets. Even the least of these represents some conquest over disorder and formlessness, gives some experience to the reader of the peace and rest to be found in ideal beauty. It is true, there is no straining after an *O altitudo,* there is no reaching for the stars; but the eighteenth century is an abiding-place, and the style of Michael Angelo is less acceptable to domestic interiors. The eighteenth century found its type of the sublime, of the Grand Style, in Raphael, where the greatness is felt without a strain. Eighteenth century poetry is delightful to live with because it is not keyed to too high a pitch. It is the product of a social, communicative age, and a large part of it belongs

as truly as conversation to the *manners* of the period; a neat poem was a pleasant way of making oneself agreeable. But nothing could be agreeable to the gentlemen of the eighteenth century, unless it borrowed some grace from art; even their ideas on raising sheep were the better, they felt, for going abroad dressed up. Men ascended to meet. They desired the world well-regulated, they desired freedom, but with order, liberty, but with subordination; this comfortable, social, not unidealistic world is reflected in the calm beauty, the gentle dignity, the polished workmanship of eighteenth century poetry.

TABLE OF DATES

1688. Pope born. The great Revolution.

1709–1714. Pope becomes celebrated as a poet, and makes friendships in the world of the great.

1711. *Essay on Criticism.*

1712. *Rape of the Lock* (original edition).

1713. *Windsor Forest.* Wrote prologue for Addison's *Cato.*

Beginning of difficulties between Addison and Pope.

1713–1714. Meetings of the Scriblerus Club, a group of Tory wits, including Pope, Swift, Atterbury, Arbuthnot and Bolingbroke.

1714. Death of Queen Anne. Fall of Tory ministry. Dispersal of the Tory wits.

1715–1725. Pope makes himself independent financially by his translation of Homer and his edition of Shakespeare.

1715–1716. Quarrel with Addison.

1718. Pope settles at Twickenham with his mother.

1720. South Sea Bubble.

1723. Bolingbroke returns from exile in France.

1726–1744. Pope turns to philosophical and satirical poetry. His closest friends are leaders in the opposition to the prime minister, Robert Walpole.

1728. *The Dunciad,* Books I–III. Theobald the hero.

1732–1734. *The Essay on Man.*

1733–1738. The Satires.

1740. First meeting with Warburton.

1743. *The Dunciad.* Colley Cibber the hero.

1744. Death of Pope, May 30.

SELECTED POEMS OF ALEXANDER POPE

POEMS

ODE ON SOLITUDE

Happy the man, whose wish and care
  A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
    In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
  Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
    In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
  Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
    Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
  Together mixt; sweet recreation:
And innocence, which most does please
    With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

[1700]

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM

I

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In Poets as true genius is but rare,
True Taste as seldom is the Critic's share;
Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not Critics to their judgment too?
Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd,

So by false learning is good sense defac'd;
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn Critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a Rival's, or an Eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are, who judge still worse than he can write.
Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past,
Turn'd Critics next, and proved plain fools at last.
Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our isle,
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal:
To tell 'em would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.
But you who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dullness meet.
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid pow'r of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,

The memory's soft figures melt away.
One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft' in those confined to single parts.
Like Kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
By vain ambition still to make them more:
Each might his sev'ral province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.
First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same:
Unerring NATURE, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of Art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides;
Works without show, and without pomp presides:
In some fair body thus th' informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;
Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more, to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed;
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;
The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course.
Those RULES of old discover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd:
Nature, like Liberty, is but restrain'd
By the same Laws which first herself ordain'd.
Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,

When to repress, and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n.
The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire,
And taught the world with Reason to admire.
Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,
To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd:
But following wits from that intention stray'd,
Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid;
Against the Poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
By Doctor's bills to play the Doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they.
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
These leave the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course would steer,
Know well each ANCIENT's proper character;
His Fable, Subject, scope in every page;
Religion, Country, genius of his Age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.
Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;

Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.
When first young Maro in his boundless mind
A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
Perhaps he seem'd above the Critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw:
But when t' examine every part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design:
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy nature is to copy them.
Some beauties yet no Precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles Poetry, in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky Licence answer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that Licence is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without passing thro' the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,

And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend;
But tho' the Ancients thus their rules invade,
(As Kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
Moderns, beware! or if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its End;
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His pow'rs, in equal ranks, and fair array,
But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient Altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive War, and all-involving Age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring!
In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,

And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
O may some spark of your celestial fire,
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain Wits a science little known,
T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own!

II

Of all the Causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is PRIDE, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needless Pride;
For as in bodies, thus in souls we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:
Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty Void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.
A *little learning* is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize
New distant scenes of endless science rise!

So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
Th' increasing prospect tires our wond'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect Judge will read each work of Wit
With the same spirit that its author writ:
Survey the WHOLE, nor seeks slight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
Correctly cold and regularly low,
That shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
In Wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
No single parts unequally surprize,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The Whole at once is bold and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In ev'ry work regard the writer's End,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.

As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, must the less commit:
Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd Folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they say,
A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,
Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage;
Concluding all were desp'rate sots and fools,
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our Author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produc'd his Play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;
Made him observe the subject and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities; what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.
"What! leave the Combat out?" exclaims the Knight;
Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite.
"Not so by Heav'n, (he answers in a rage)
"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."
So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.
"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

Thus Critics, of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact but nice,
Form short Ideas; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to *Conceit* alone their taste confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.

Poets like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.
Others for *Language* all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for Dress:
Their praise is still,—the Style is excellent;
The Sense, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place;
The face of Nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true Expression, like th' unchanging Sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
For diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects sort,
As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,

Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
Unlucky, as Fungoso in the Play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires, in their doublets drest.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new, or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
But most by Numbers judge a Poet's song;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright Muse, tho' thousand charms conspire,
Her Voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to Church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line, it "whispers through the trees":
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep":
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep":
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigour of a line,

Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness
join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an Echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow:
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the
main.
Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprize,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by Sound!
The pow'r of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is DRYDEN now.
Avoid Extremes; and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.
At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shews great pride, or little sense;
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay Turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
As things seem large which we thro' mists descry,

Dullness is ever apt to magnify.
Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize.
Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
Tho' each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if Wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.
Some ne'er advance a Judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the Town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with Quality,
A constant Critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.
What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starv'd hackney sonnetteer, or me?
But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!
The Vulgar thus through Imitation err;
As oft the Learn'd by being singular;
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng

By chance go right, they purposely go wrong:
So Schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praise at morning what they blame at night;
But always think the last opinion right.
A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;
And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
Once School-divines this zealous isle o'erspread;
Who knew most Sentences, was deepest read:
Faith, Gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted:
Scotists and Thomists, now, in peace remain,
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.
If Faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn,
What wonder modes in Wit should take their turn?
Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think their reputation safe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.
Parties in Wit attend on those of State,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, Malice, Folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of Parsons, Critics, Beaus;
But sense surviv'd when merry jests were past;

ideals of the age — modern ones-service, literature, etc

For rising merit will buoy up at last.
Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise:
Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But like a shadow, proves the substance true:
For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that sun too pow'rful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories and augment the day.
Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost, who stays 'till all commend.
Short is the date, alas! of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes. early
No longer now that golden age appears,
When Patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years:
Now length of Fame (our second life) is lost,
And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast;
Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright Idea of the master's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live,
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings.
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost:
Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this Wit, which must our cares employ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
Then most our trouble still when most admir'd,
And still the more we give, the more requir'd;
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!
If Wit so much from Ign'rance undergo,
Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, those met rewards who could excel,
And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
Tho' triumphs were to gen'rals only due,
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools:
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill Author is as bad a Friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred lust of praise!
Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the Critic let the Man be lost.
Good-nature and good-sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive, divine.
But if in noble minds some dregs remain

Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain;
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
Nor pardon vile Obscenity should find,
Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind;
But Dulness with Obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as Impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase:
When love was all an easy Monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;
Nay wits had pensions, and young Lords had wit:
The Fair sat panting at a Courtier's play,
And not a Mask went unimprov'd away:
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And Virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
The following licence of a Foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving Priests reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
Where Heav'n's free subjects might their rights dispute,
Lest God Himself should seem too absolute:
Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
And Vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
These monsters, Critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice;
All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

III

LEARN then what MORALS Critics ought to show,
For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know.
'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine:
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow; but seek your friendship too.
Be silent always, when you doubt your sense;
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence:
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you, with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a Critique on the last.
'Tis not enough your counsel still be true;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without Good Breeding, truth is disapprov'd;
That only makes superior sense belov'd.
Be niggards of advice on no pretence:
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With men complaisance ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.
'Twere well might Critics still this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
Like some fierce Tyrant in old tapestry.
Fear most to tax an Honourable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull;
Such, without wit, are Poets when they please,
As without learning they can take Degrees.

Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful Satires,
And flattery to fulsome Dedicators,
Whom, when they praise, the World believes no more,
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, Jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on Poets, in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of Impotence!

Such shameless Bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always list'ning to himself appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's Fables down to D'Urfey's Tales.
With him, most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
Name a new Play, and he's the Poet's friend,
Nay show'd his faults—but when would Poets mend?
No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church yard:
Nay, fly to Altars; there they'll talk you dead;
For Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread.

Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,
And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide.
But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiass'd, or by favour, or by spite;
Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;
Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, sincere;
Modestly bold, and humanly severe:
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side?
Such once were Critics; such the happy few,
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagirite first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore;
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian Star.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd, and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit.
Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.
He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire;

His Precepts teach but what his works inspire.
Our Critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm:
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong Translations
By Wits, than Critics in as wrong Quotations.
  See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!
  Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.
  In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
The justest rules, and clearest method join'd:
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace,
But less to please the eye, than arm the hand,
Still fit for use, and ready at command.
  Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire.
An ardent Judge, who zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws;
And is himself that great Sublime he draws.
  Thus long succeeding Critics justly reign'd,
Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew;
And Arts still follow'd where her Eagles flew;
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
And the same age saw Learning fall, and Rome.
With Tyranny, then Superstition join'd,
As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
Much was believ'd, but little understood,
And to be dull was constru'd to be good;
A second deluge Learning thus o'er-run,
And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun.
  At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,

(The glory of the priesthood, and the shame!)
Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.
But see! each Muse, in LEO'S golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays;
Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head.
Then sculpture and her sister-arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising Temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.
Immortal Vida: on whose honour'd brow
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!
But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd;
Thence Arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But Critic-learning flourish'd most in France;
The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys;
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,
And kept unconquer'd, and uncivilis'd;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.
Yet some there were, among the sounder few
Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,
"Nature's chief Masterpiece is writing well."
Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,

And ev'ry author's merit, but his own.
Such late was Walsh—the Muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
This praise at least a grateful Muse may give:
The Muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries:
Content, if hence, th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
Averse alike to flatter, or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

[1709, 1711]

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

DEDICATION TO MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR

MADAM,—It will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to You. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a Secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offer'd to a Bookseller, you had the good-nature for my sake to consent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forc'd to before I had executed half my design, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the Critics to signify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Dæmons are made to act in a Poem: for the ancient Poets are in one

respect like many modern Ladies: let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These Machines I determin'd to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a Lady; but 'tis so much the concern of a Poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your Sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book call'd *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which, both in its title and size is so like a Novel that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these Gentlemen, the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs and Salamanders. The Gnomes or Dæmons of Earth delight in mischief; but the Sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best-conditioned creatures imaginable. For they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle Spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true Adepts, an inviolate preservation of Chastity.

As to the following Cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end (except the loss of your Hair, which I always mention with reverence). The Human persons are as fictitious as the Airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now manag'd, resembles you in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in your Person, or in your Mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so Uncensur'd as You have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem, MADAM, your most obedient, Humble Servant,

A. POPE.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.—Mart.

CANTO I

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,

I sing—This verse to CARYL, Muse! is due:
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view;
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If She inspire, and He approve my lays.
Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
A well-bred Lord t' assault a gentle Belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?
In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty Rage?
Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian SYLPH prolong'd the balmy rest:
'Twas He had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head,
A youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau,
(That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:
"Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air!
If e'er one Vision touch thy infant thought,
Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught;
Of airy Elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.

Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
What tho' no credit doubting Wits may give?
The Fair and Innocent shall still believe.
Know, then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
The light Militia of the lower sky:
These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in Air,
And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly Vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of Ombre, after death survive.
For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
To their first Elements their Souls retire:
The Sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
Mount up and take a Salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental Tea.
The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
In search of mischief still on Earth to roam.
The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of Air.
"Know further yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd:
For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.

What guards the purity of melting Maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their Sylph, the wise Celestials know,
Tho' Honour is the word with Men below.

"Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
For life predestin'd to the Gnome's embrace.
These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd and love deny'd:
Then gay Ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, 'Your Grace' salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
Teach Infant-cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a Beau.

"Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The Sylphs thro' mystic mazes guide their way,
Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They shift the moving Toy-shop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals Levity may call,

Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.
"Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend;
But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by the Sylph, oh, pious maid, beware!
This to disclose in all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of Man!"
He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leap'd up and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux;
Wounds, Charms, and Ardours, were no sooner read,
But all the Vision vanish'd from thy head.
And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
Each silver Vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the Cosmetic powers.
A heav'nly Image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eye she rears;
Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The Tortoise here and Elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.

Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO II

Not with more glories, in th' etherial plain,
The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair Nymphs and well-dress'd Youths around her shone,
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride
Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget 'em all.

This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a Lover's toils attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.
For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd:
But chiefly Love—to Love an Altar built,
Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain and long possess the prize:
The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.
But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides;
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.

All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts opprest,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his Denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but Zephyrs to the twain beneath.
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
He raised his azure wand, and thus began:
"Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear;
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons, hear:
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.
Some in the fields of purest Æther play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky.
Some less refin'd beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.

Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of Nations own,
And guard with Arms divine the British Throne.
"Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in show'rs
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow.
"This day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail China jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.
Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.
"To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat:
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale;

Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.
"Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and Pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain:
Or Alum styptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin essence like a rivell'd flow'r:
Or, as Ixion fix'd the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!"
He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear:
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious and trembling for the birth of Fate.

CANTO III

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes Tea.
Hither the Heroes and the nymphs resort,

To taste a while the pleasures of a Court;
In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*
  Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that Jury-men may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the Toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank he bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
  Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair Queens, whose hands sustain a flow'r,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r;
Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band;
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And parti-colour'd troops, a shining train,

Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skilful Nymph reviews her force with care:
"Let Spades be trumps!" she said, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto follow'd; but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump, and one Plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black Tyrant first her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd King who shews but half his face,

And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions dis-united fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
And now (as oft in some distemper'd State)
On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate.
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the King unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of Japan they raise — refers to lacquered tray
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoaking tyde:

At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repaste.
Straight hover round the Fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's Fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!
But when to Mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
So Ladies, in Romance, assist their Knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with rev'rence and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the Virgin's thought;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th' Ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.

Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.
The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring Forfex wide,
T' inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the shears, and cut the Sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again)
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
Then flash'd the living light'ning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lap dogs breathe their last;
Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring dust, and painted fragments lie!
"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The Victor cry'd) the glorious Prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British Fair,
As long as *Atalantis* shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!"
What Time would spare, from Steel receives its date,
And monuments like men submit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel?

CANTO IV

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment and despair,
As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair.

For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,

Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapp'd in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.
A constant Vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and Angels in machines.
Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living Tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks;
Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pie talks:
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids turn'd bottles call aloud for corks.
Safe past the Gnome thro' this fantastic band,
A branch of healing Spleen-wort in his hand.
Then thus address'd the pow'r: "Hail, wayward Queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray;
A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.

But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like Citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a Prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That single act gives half the world the spleen."
  The Goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his pray'r.
A wond'rous Bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A Vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.
  Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies issu'd at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire;
"O wretched maid!" she spread her hands, and cry'd,
(While Hampton's echoes, "Wretched maid!" reply'd)
"Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?

For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the Fops envy and the Ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to Chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!"
She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earnest eyes, and round, unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And then broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil?
Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay prithee, pox!
Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.
"It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;

Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall forever wear."
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said:

"For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
Happy! ay ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am I not the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant Northern land;
Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
Oh had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home!
'Twas this the morning omens seem'd to tell:
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tott'ring China shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:

These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

CANTO V

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears.
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began:
"Say, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd Beaux,
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
'Behold the first in virtue as in face!'
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old age away;
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay, ogle, might become a Saint,

Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid;
What then remains, but well our pow'r to use,
And keep good-humor still whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."
So spoke the Dame, but no applause ensu'd;
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude.
"To arms, to arms!" the fierce Virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and Heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage,
And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage:
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!
Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sate to view the fight:
Propp'd on their bodkin spears, the Sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.
While thro' the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,

And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song.
"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing,"—was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies
Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the Beau reviv'd again.
Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the Men's wits against the Lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.
See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold Lord with manly strength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.
"Now meet thy fate," incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,

Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)
"Boast not my fall, (he cry'd) insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive."
"Restore the lock!" she cries; and all around
"Restore the lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So heav'n decrees! with heav'n who can contest?
Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
There Heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
And Beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.
But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,

To Proculus alone confess'd in view)
A sudden Star, it shot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's Lock first rose so bright,
The heav'ns bespangling with dishevell'd light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies.
This the Beau-monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray.
This the blest Lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks thro' Galileo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere! —
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

[1712–1714]

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY

What beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?

'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh, ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes,
The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breast of Kings and Heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dims lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like Eastern Kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her Race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks, now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:

On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates.
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way)
"Lo! these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield."
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.
What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
What, tho' no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What, tho' no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
What, tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While Angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.
So peaceful rests without a stone a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.

How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

[1717]

ELOÏSA TO ABELARD

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.
Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd;
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where mix'd with God's, his loved Idea lies:
Oh write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloïsa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.
Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:

ELOÏSA TO ABELARD

Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not Heav'n's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led thro' a sad variety of woe;
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There dy'd the best of passions, Love and Fame.

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;

They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met the flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanations of th' all-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd; heav'n listen'd while you sung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precepts fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back thro' the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an Angel whom I loved a Man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove.
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?
The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all:

Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love.
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Oh! happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature, law:
All then is full, possessing, and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.
Alas, how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloïse? her voice, her hand,
Her ponyard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more, by shame, by rage suppress'd,
Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.
Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heav'n scarce believ'd the Conquest it survey'd,
And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.

Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah, no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes;
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.
Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
And Paradise was open'd in the Wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n,
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heav'n:
But such plain roofs as Piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls (their day's eternal bound)
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others' pray'rs I try,
(O pious fraud of am'rous charity!)
But why should I on others' pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!

The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose:
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain;
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.
Ah, wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love of man.
Assist me, heav'n! but whence arose that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.

Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love?
Unequal task! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate!
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget!
But let heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspired!
Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for He
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.
How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
"Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep";
Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n.
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whisp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of Seraphs shed divine perfumes;
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins Hymenæals sing,
To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures, of unholy joy:
When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
O curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking Dæmons all restraint remove,
And stir within me ev'ry source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!
Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.
For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n,
And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves:
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloïsa loves.
Ah hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
To light the dead and warm th' unfruitful urn.
What scenes appear where'er I turn my view?
The dear Ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the Matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me,
Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.
While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul:
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to heav'n; dispute my heart;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears;
Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me just mounting, from the blest abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!
No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!

Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks, (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O Grace serene! O virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And Faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!
  See in her cell sad Eloïsa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls,
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
"Come, sister, come! (it said, or seem'd to say,)
Thy place is here, sad sister, come away!
Once like thyself, I trembled, wept and pray'd,
Love's victim then, tho' now a sainted maid:
But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
Ev'n superstition loses ev'ry fear:
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."
I come, I come! prepare your roseate bow'rs,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow:
Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!

Ah no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Present the cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloïsa see!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath be o'er,
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
O Death all-eloquent! you only prove
What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.
Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy,)
In trance ecstatic may the pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and Angels watch thee round,
From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine,
And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine.
May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
"Oh may we never love as these have lov'd!"
From the full choir when loud Hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.

And sure, if fate some future bard shall join,
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more;
Such if there be, who love so long, so well;
Let him our sad, our tender story tell!
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost;
He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most.

addressed to Lady Mountague

Pope thinking of himself not Eloïsa [1717]
He regards Eloïsa not as an individual
but as a fervent mistress.

PROLOGUE TO MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF CATO

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream thro' ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying Love, we but our weakness show,
And wild Ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as Patriots shed for dying Laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys,

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his Country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
As her dead Father's rev'rend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
The Triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
The World's great Victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
  Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And show, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd;
Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such Plays alone should win a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

[1713]

MORAL ESSAYS

ESSAY ON MAN

To
H. St. John Lord Bolingbroke

EPISTLE I

ARGUMENT

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO THE UNIVERSE

Of Man in the abstract.—I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relation of systems and things, ver. 17, etc. II. That Man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a Being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general Order of things, and conformable to Ends and Relations to him unknown, ver. 35, etc. III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, ver. 77, etc. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more Perfection, the cause of Man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations, ver. 113, etc. V. The absurdity of conceiting himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world which is not in the natural, ver. 131, etc. VI. The unreasonable of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the Perfections of the Angels and on the other bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree would render him miserable, ver. 173, etc. VII.

That throughout the whole visible world an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that Reason alone countervails all the other faculties, ver. 207. VIII. How much farther this order and subordination of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation, must be destroyed, ver. 233. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, ver. 259. X. The consequence of all the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state, ver. 281, etc., to the end.

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of Kings.
Let us (since Life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A Wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot;
Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the Manners living as they rise:
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

I. Say first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of Man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Thro' world's unnumber'd, tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.

He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry star,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings, and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws us all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?
II. Presumptuous Man! the reason wouldst thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller and stronger than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?
Of Systems possible, if 'tis confest,
That Wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must fall or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?
Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce;

Yet serves to second too, some other use.
So Man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.
When the proud steed shall know why Man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's God:
Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's use and end;
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.
Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there?
The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.
III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer Being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,

And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never Is, but always To be blest:
The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, and humbler heav'n,
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To Be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no Angel's wings, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
IV. Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy Opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
Say here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If Man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.
In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies;

All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of ORDER, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

V. Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine—
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine:
For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r;
Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew,
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies."

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
"No, ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
Th' exceptions few: some change since all began:
And what created perfect?"—Why then Man?
If the great end be human Happiness,
Then Nature deviates; and can Man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of show'rs and sun-shine, as of Man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As man for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's design,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
Who knows but he, whose hand the light'ning forms,

Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms;
Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs;
Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right is to submit.
Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never passion discompos'd the mind.
But ALL subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of Life.
The gen'ral ORDER, since the whole began,
Is kept by Nature, and is kept in Man.

VI. What would this Man? Now upward will he soar,
And little less than Angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears,
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all?
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd;
Each seeming what compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all?
The bliss of Man (could Pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;

No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not Man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a Fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonise at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
The whisp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:
Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood?
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From pois'nous herbs extract the healing dew?
How Instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice barrier?

For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection, how ally'd;
What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide;
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all these pow'rs in one?

VIII. See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high, progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of Being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing.—On superior pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or tenth thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing Whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the Whole must fall.
Let Earth, unbalanc'd, from her orbit fly,
Planets and Suns run lawless thro' the sky;
Let ruling Angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.

All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh Madness! Pride! Impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling Mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame;
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains
The great Directing MIND of ALL ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, chang'd through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent;
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Cease then, nor ORDER Imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see;

All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good:
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

[1732]

EPISTLE II

ARGUMENT

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO HIMSELF AS AN INDIVIDUAL

I. The business of Man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His Middle Nature: his Powers and Frailties, ver. 1 to 19. The limits of his Capacity, ver. 19, etc. II. The two Principles of Man, Self-love and Reason, both necessary, ver. 53, etc. Self-love the stronger, and why, ver. 67, etc. Their end the same, ver. 81, etc. III. The Passions, and their use, ver. 93 to 130. The Predominant Passion, and its force, ver. 132 to 160. Its Necessity in directing Men to different purposes, ver. 165, etc. Its providential Use, in fixing our Principle and ascertaining our Virtue, ver. 177. IV. Virtue and Vice joined in our mixed Nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident: what is the Office of Reason, ver. 202 to 216. V. How odious Vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, ver. 217. VI. That, however, the Ends of Providence and general Good are answered in our Passions and Imperfections, ver. 238, etc. How usefully these are distributed to all Orders of Men, ver. 241. How useful they are to Society, ver. 251. And to Individuals, ver. 263. In every state, and every age of life, ver. 273, etc.

KNOW then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of Mankind is Man.
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,

He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast;
In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confus'd;
Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!
  Go, wond'rous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his foll'wers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!
  Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And show'd a NEWTON as we show an Ape.
  Could he, whose rules the rapid Comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his Mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas what wonder! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;

But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.
Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of Pride;
Deduct but what is Vanity, or Dress,
Or Learning's Luxury or Idleness;
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasures, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our Vices have created Arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!
II. Two Principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all Good, to their improper Ill.
Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.
Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet, the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate and advise.
Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.

Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend
Reason still use, to Reason still attend.
Attention, habit, and experience gains;
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like Fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire;
But greedy That, its objects would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call:
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not ev'ry good we can divide,
And reason bids us for our own provide;
Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
'List under reason, and deserve her care;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest:
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Part it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale;

Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storms, and walks upon the wind.
  Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes Man, can Man destroy?
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of pain.
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.
  Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when in act, they cease; in prospect, rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike;
Hence diff'rent Passions more or less aflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.
  As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The Mind's disease its RULING PASSION came;
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,

As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r;
As Heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more so v'r.
We, wretched subjects tho' to lawful sway,
In this weak queen some fav'rite still obey:
Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.
Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard;
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:
A mightier pow'r the strong direction sends,
And sev'ral Men impels to sev'ral ends:
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expense;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike find Reason on their side.
Th' Eternal Art educing good from ill,

Grafts on this Passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd;
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd;
The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one int'rest body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear;
The surest Virtues thus from Passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
Ev'n av'rice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd:
Reason the byas turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

IV. This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide? The God within the mind.

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
In Man they join to some mysterious use;
Tho' each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice

Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.
V. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he;
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.
Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;
But HEAV'N'S great work is One, and that the Whole.
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd:
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,

To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That, Virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.
Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant or a friend
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;
Taught half by Reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.
Whate'er the Passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his Muse.
See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,

A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;
'Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile Opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by Hope supply'd,
And each vacuity of sense by Pride:
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain;
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;
'Tis this,—Tho' Man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

[1732]

EPISTLE III

ARGUMENT

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO SOCIETY

I. The whole Universe one system of Society, ver. 7, etc. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, ver. 27. The happiness of Animals mutual, ver. 49. II. Reason or Instinct operate alike to the good of each individual, ver. 79. Reason or Instinct operate also to Society in all animals, ver. 109. III. How far Society carried by Instinct, ver. 115. How much farther by Reason, ver. 128. IV. Of that which is called the State of Nature, ver. 144. Reason instructed by Instinct in the invention of Arts, ver. 166, and in the Forms of Society, ver. 176. V. Origin of Political

Societies, ver. 196. Origin of Monarchy, ver. 207. Patriarchal Government, ver. 212. VI. Origin of true religion and Government, from the same principle of Love, ver. 231, etc. Origin of Superstition and Tyranny, from the same principle of Fear, ver. 237, etc. The Influence of Self-love operating to the social and public Good, ver. 266. Restoration of true Religion and Government on their first principle, ver. 285. Mixed Government, ver. 288. Various Forms of each, and the true end of all, ver. 300, etc.

HERE then we rest: "The Universal Cause
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day;
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our World; behold the chain of Love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
Press to one centre still, the gen'ral Good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again:
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the sea of Matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign; Parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving Soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast;
All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone;

The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.
Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn:
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer:
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.
Know, Nature's children shall divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose:
And just as short of reason He must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
Grant that the pow'rful still the weak controul;
Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole:
Nature that Tyrant checks; He only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
For some his Int'rest prompts him to provide,

For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And 'till he ends the being, makes it blest;
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish, when the feast is o'er!
To each unthinking being, Heav'n, a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
To Man imparts it; but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it to:
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle! that Heav'n assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.
II. Whether with Reason, or with Instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best;
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Instinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when presst,
Stays 'till we call, and then not often near;
But honest Instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;
While still too wide or short is human Wit;
Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier Reason labours at in vain.
This too serves always, Reason never long;

One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.
Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bade the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?
III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds:
But as he fram'd a Whole, the Whole to bless,
On mutual Wants built mutual happiness:
So from the first, eternal ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning ether keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, 'till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend;
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,

There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care;
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds, another race.
A longer care Man's helpless kind demands;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands:
Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the int'rest, and the love:
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn;
Each Virtue in each Passion takes its turn;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those:
The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and fore-cast just returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope combin'd,
Still spread the int'rest and preserv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod;
The state of Nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and Social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beasts, joint tenant of the shade;
The same his table, and the same his bed;
No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
Heaven's attribute was Universal Care,
And man's prerogative, to rule but spare.

Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The Fury-passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man, a fiercer savage, Man.
See him from Nature rising slow to Art!
To copy Instinct then was Reason's part;
Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake:
"Go, from the Creatures thy instructions take:
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
Here too all forms of social union find,
And hence let Reason, late, instruct Mankind:
Here subterranean works and cities see;
There towns aerial on the waving tree.
Learn each small people's genius, policies,
The Ants' republic, and the realm of Bees;
How those in common all their wealth bestow,
And Anarchy without confusion know;
And these for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
Entangle Justice in her net of Law,
And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.

Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
Thus let the wiser make the rest obey:
And for those Arts mere Instinct could afford,
Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."
V. Great Nature spoke; observant Men obey'd;
Cities were built, Societies were made:
Here rose one little state; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd through love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend?
What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow,
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw,
When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
Thus States were form'd; the name of King unknown,
'Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one.
'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
The same which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
A Prince the Father of a People made.
VI. Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch sate,
King, priest, and parent of his growing state;
On him, their second Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue,
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
Or fetch th' aerial eagle to the ground.
Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man:
Then, looking up from sire to sire, explor'd
One great first father, and that first ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this All begun,

Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son;
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple Reason never sought but one:
Ere Wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;
To Virtue, in the paths of Pleasure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then;
For Nature knew no right divine in Men,
No ill could fear in God; and understood
A sov'reign being, but a sov'reign good:
True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of Man.

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counter-work its Cause?
Force first made Conquest, and that conquest, Law;
Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:
She 'midst the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes:
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.

Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.
Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then first the Flamen tasted living food;
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood;
With heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.
So drives Self-love, thro' just and thro' unjust,
To one Man's power, ambition, lucre, lust:
The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, Government and Laws.
For, what one likes if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus by Self-defence,
Even Kings learn'd justice and benevolence:
Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then, the studious head or gen'rous mind,
Follow'r of God or friend of human-kind,
Poet or Patriot, rose but to restore
The Faith and Moral, Nature gave before;
Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:
Taught Power's due use to People and to Kings,
Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings,
The less, or greater, set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too;
'Till jarring int'rests, of themselves create
Th' according music of a well-mix'd State.

Such is the World's great harmony, that springs
From Order, Union, full Consent of things:
Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade;
More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.
For Forms of Government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
For Modes of Faith, let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;
In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all Mankind's concern is charity:
All must be false that thwart this One great end:
And all of God, that bless Mankind or mend.
Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives;
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;
So two consistent motions act the Soul;
And one regards Itself, and one the Whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the same.

[1733]

EPISTLE IV

ARGUMENT

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO HAPPINESS

I. False Notions of Happiness, Philosophical and Popular, answered from ver. 19 to 27. II. It is the End of all Men,

and attainable by all, ver. 29. God intends happiness to be equal; and to be so it must be social, since all particular Happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular, Laws, ver. 35. As it is necessary for Order, and the peace and welfare of Society, that external goods should be unequal, Happiness is not made to consist in these, ver. 51. But notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of Happiness among Mankind is kept even by Providence by the two Passions of Hope and Fear, ver. 70. III. What the Happiness of Individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good Man has here the advantage, ver. 77. The error of imputing to Virtue what are only the calamities of Nature or of Fortune, ver. 94. IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general Laws in favour of particulars, ver. 121. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they must be happiest, ver. 131, etc. VI. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of Virtue, ver. 167. That even these can make no man happy without Virtue: instanced in Riches, ver. 185. Honours, ver. 193. Nobility, ver. 205. Greatness, ver. 217. Fame, ver. 237. Superior Talents, ver. 259, etc. With pictures of human Infelicity in Men possessed of them all, ver. 269. VII. That Virtue only constitutes a Happiness whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal, ver. 309. That the perfection of Virtue and Happiness consists in a conformity to the Order of Providence here, and a Resignation to it here and hereafter, ver. 326, etc.

Oh Happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'er-look'd, seen double, by the fool, and wise.
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some Court's propitious shine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?

Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.
Ask of the Learn'd the way? the Learn'd are blind;
This bids to serve, and that to shun, mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these;
Some sunk to Beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some swell'd to Gods, confess ev'n Virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?
II. Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And, mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is Common Sense and Common Ease.
Remember, Man, "The Universal Cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws";
And makes what Happiness we justly call
Subsist, not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing Individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd Hermit, rests self-satisfy'd:
Who most to shun or hate Mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:

Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.
ORDER is Heav'n's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their Happiness:
But mutual wants this Happiness increase;
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But Fortune's gifts, if each alike possest,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all Men Happiness was meant,
God in Externals could not place Content.
Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in Hope, and these in Fear:
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.
Oh sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.
III. Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere Mankind,

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of Sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health consists with Temperance alone;
And Peace, O Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?
Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all th' advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.
  Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy Bliss to Vice, to Virtue Woe!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
But fools, the Good alone, unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the just!
See godlike TURENNE prostrate on the dust!
See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial strife!
Was this their Virtue, or Contempt of Life?
Say, was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented DIGBY! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire?
Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me?
  What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.

God sends not ill; if rightly understood,
Or partial Ill is universal Good,
Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, 'till Man improv'd it all.
We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain
That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
When his lewd father gave the dire disease.

IV. Think we, like some weak Prince, th' Eternal Cause
Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?
Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or sea new motions be imprest,
Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?

V. But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the Just then let it be:
But first consider how those Just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of hell;
If Calvin feels Heav'n's blessing, or its rod,
This cries, There is, and that, There is no God.
What shocks one part will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your Virtue, punish mine.
WHATEVER IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true,

Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too;
And which more blest? who chain'd his country, say,
Or he whose Virtue sigh'd to lose a day?
"But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed."
What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread?
That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil,
The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No—shall the good want Health, the good want Pow'r?"
Add Health and Pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,
"Why bounded Pow'r? why private? why no king?"
Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n?
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give!
Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they stand?
VI. What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and six,
Justice a conqu'ror's sword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a Crown.
Weak, foolish man! will Heav'n reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The Boy and Man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:

As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can Riches give Repute, or Trust,
Content, or Pleasure, but the Good and Just?
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and Love were never to be sold.
O fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.
Honour and shame from no Condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in Men has some small diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl!"
I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a Fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The rest is all but leather or prunella.
Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,
That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings,
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your father's worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,

Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own, your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.

Look next on Greatness; say where Greatness lies?
Where, but among the Heroes and the Wise?
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.
No less alike the Politic and Wise;
All sly slow things with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a Villain Great:
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.

What's Fame? A fancy'd life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.

A Wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod;
An honest Man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As Justice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were resign'd
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
  In Parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for You can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.
  Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they mount:
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How each for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease:
Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say, would'st thou be the Man to whom they fall?
To sigh for ribands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.

If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
Or, ravish'd with the whistling of a Name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the false scale of Happiness complete!
In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
How happy those to ruin, these betray.
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that rais'd the Hero, sunk the Man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame!
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A Tale that blends their glory with their shame!

VII. Know then this truth (enough for Man to know)
"Virtue alone is Happiness below."
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only Merit constant pay receives,

Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, tho' e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected, while another's bless'd;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.
See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' Nature, up to Nature's God;
Pursues that Chain which links th' immense design,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no Being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns, from this union of the rising Whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end, in Love of God, and Love of Man.
For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;
Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees, why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliss, and Faith in bliss unknown:
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind

Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest Virtue with his greatest Bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
  Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,
In one close system of Benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliss but heights of Charity.
  God loves from Whole to Parts: But human soul
Must rise from Individual to the Whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.
  Come, then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
Oh master of the poet, and the song!
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To Man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,

Intent to reason, or polite to please.
Oh! while along the stream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light;
Show'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT!
That REASON, PASSION, answer one great aim;
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the same;
That VIRTUE only makes our Bliss below;
And all our Knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

[1734]

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry Age,
In ev'ry Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood:
Who all my Sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark Estate,
To see the Good from Ill;

And, binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the Human Will.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to shun,
That, more than Heav'n pursue.

What Blessings Thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when Man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thousand Worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy Foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish Pride,
Or impious Discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy Goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
To hide the Fault I see;

That Mercy I to others show
That Mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so
Since quicken'd by thy Breath;
Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's Life or Death.

This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot:
All else beneath the Sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let Thy Will be done.

To Thee, whose Temple is all Space,
Whose Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies!
One Chorus let all Being raise!
All Nature's Incense rise!

[1738]

MORAL ESSAYS

IN FOUR EPISTLES TO SEVERAL PERSONS

Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures:
Et sermone opus est modò tristi, sæpe jocoso,
Defendente vicem modò Rhetoris atque Poetæ,
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consultò.—HORACE.

[Close be your language; let your sense be clear,
Nor with a weight of words fatigue the ear;
From grave to jovial you must change with art,
Now play the critic's, now the poet's part;
In raillery assume a graver air,

Discreetly hide your strength, your vigour spare;
For ridicule shall frequently prevail,
And cut the knot when graver reasons fail.—FRANCIS.]

EPISTLE I

To Sir Richard Temple, Lord Cobham

ARGUMENT

OF THE KNOWLEDGE AND CHARACTERS OF MEN

I. That it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider Man in the Abstract: Books will not serve the purpose, nor yet your own Experience singly, ver. 1. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional, ver. 10. Some Peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, ver. 15. Difficulties arising from our own Passions, Fancies, Faculties, etc., ver. 31. The shortness of Life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the Principles of action in men to observe by, ver. 37, etc. Our own Principle of action often hid from ourselves, ver. 41. Some few Characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, ver. 51. Unimaginable weakness in the greatest, ver. 69, etc. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons, ver. 71. Nothing constant and certain but God and Nature, ver. 95. No judging of the Motives from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary Motives, and the same Motives influencing contrary actions, ver. 100. II. Yet to form Characters we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life and try to make them agree: the utter uncertainty of this, from Nature itself and from policy, ver. 120. Characters given according to the rank of men of the world, ver. 135. And some reason for it, ver. 140. Education alters the Nature, or at least Character, of many, ver. 149. Actions, Passions, Opinions, Manners, Humours, or Principles, all subject to change. No judging by Nature, from ver. 158 to ver. 178. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his Ruling Passion: that will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions,

ver. 175. Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio, ver. 179. A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind, ver. 210. Examples of the strength of the Ruling Passion, and its continuation to the last breath, ver. 222, etc.

YES, you despise the man to Books confin'd,
Who from his study rails at human kind;
Tho' what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,
Tho' many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no Philosopher at all.
And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as Books, too much.
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' Observer's sake;
To written Wisdom, as another's, less:
Maxims are drawn from Notions, those from Guess.
There's some Peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein:
Shall only Man be taken in the gross?
Grant but as many sorts of Mind as Moss.
That each from other differs, first confess;
Next, that he varies from himself no less:
Add Nature's, Custom's, Reason's, Passion's strife,
And all Opinion's colours cast on life.
Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds?
On human actions reason tho' you can,
It may be Reason, but it is not Man:
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his Principle no more.
Like following life thro' creatures you dissect,

You lose it in the moment you detect.
Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All Manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come discolour'd through our Passions shown.
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.
Nor will Life's stream for observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to make their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Oft, in the Passions' wild rotation tost,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap,
When sense subsides, and Fancy sports in sleep,
(Though past the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.
True, some are open, and to all men known;
Others so very close, they're hid from none;
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than Light)
Thus gracious CHANDOS is belov'd at sight;
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them knaves:
When universal homage Umbra pays,
All see 'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praise.
When flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a Queen,
While one there is who charms us with his Spleen.
But these plain Characters we rarely find;

Tho' strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling Contraries confound the whole;
Or Affectations quite reverse the soul.
The Dull, flat Falsehood serves, for policy:
And, in the Cunning, Truth itself's a lie:
Unthought-of Frailties cheat us in the Wise;
The Fool lies hid in inconsistencies.

See the same man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at Bus'ness, and at Hazard late;
Mad at a Fox-chase, wise at a Debate;
Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
A Rogue with Ven'son to a Saint without.

Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head! all Int'rests weigh'd,
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his pride is in Piquet,
New-market-fame, and judgment at a Bet.

What made (say Montaigne, or more sage Charron!)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjur'd Prince a leaden Saint revere,
A godless Regent tremble at a Star?
The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,
Faithless thro' piety, and dup'd through Wit?
Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule,
And just her wisest monarch made a fool?

Know, God and NATURE only are the same:
In Man, the judgment shoots at flying game;
A bird of passage! gone as soon as found,

Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground.
II. In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why,
Infer the Motive from the Deed, and show,
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
Behold! If Fortune or a Mistress frowns,
Some plunge in bus'ness, others shave their crowns:
To ease the Soul of one oppressive weight,
This quits an Empire, that embroils a State:
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the Convent, Philip to the field.
Not always Actions show the man: we find
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind;
Perhaps Prosperity becalm'd his breast,
Perhaps the Wind just shifted from the east:
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great:
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave:
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
His pride in Reas'ning, not in Acting lies.
But grant that Actions best discover man;
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can.
The few that glare, each character must mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree?
Suppress them, or miscall them Policy?
Must then at once (the character to save)
The plain rough Hero turn a crafty Knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.
Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?
Cæsar himself might whisper he was beat.
Why risk the world's great empire for a Punk?

Cæsar perhaps might answer he was drunk.
But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove
One action Conduct; one, heroic Love.
'Tis from high Life high Characters are drawn;
A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn;
A Judge is just, a Chanc'llor juster still;
A Gownman, learn'd; a Bishop, what you will;
Wise, if a Minister; but, if a King,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'rything.
Court-Virtues bear, like Gems, the highest rate,
Born where Heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate:
In life's low vale, the soil the Virtues like,
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Tho' the same sun with all-diffusive rays
Blush in the rose, and in the Di'mond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
And justly set the Gem above the Flow'r.
'Tis Education forms the common mind,
Just as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'Squire;
The next a Tradesman, meek, and much a lyar;
Tom struts a Soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will sneaks a Scriv'ner, an exceeding knave:
Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r:
A Quaker? sly: a Presbyterian? sour:
A smart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.
Ask men's Opinions: Scoto now shall tell
How Trade increases, and the world goes well;
Strike off his Pension, by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.
That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid silent dunce?
Some God, or Spirit he has lately found;
Or chanc'd to meet a Minister that frown'd.

Judge we by Nature? Habit can efface,
Int'rest o'ercome, or Policy take place:
By Actions? those Uncertainty divides;
By Passions? these Dissimulation hides:
Opinions? they still take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.
Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with Climes,
Tenets with Books, and Principles with times.
III. Search then the RULING PASSION: There, alone,
The Wild are constant, and the Cunning known;
The Fool consistent, and the False sincere;
Priests, Princes, Women, no dissemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling Passion was the Lust of Praise:
Born with whate'er could win it from the Wise,
Women and Fools must like him or he dies:
Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he spoke,
The Club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Friar.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,
And most contemptible, to shun contempt;
His Passion still, to covet gen'ral praise,
His Life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant Bounty which no friend has made;
An angel Tongue, which no man can persuade;

A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind,
Too rash for Thought, for Action too refin'd:
A Tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A Rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the Knaves should call him Fool.
Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.
Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake,
If second qualities for first they take.
When Cataline by rapine swell'd his store;
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore;
In this the Lust, in that the Avarice
Were means, not ends; Ambition was the vice.
That very Cæsar born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by Chastity, at praise.
Lucullus, when Frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.
In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil,
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.
In this one Passion man can strength enjoy,
As Fits give vigour, just when they destroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand.
Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.
Old Politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in bus'ness to the last;
As weak, as earnest; and as gravely out,
As sober Lanesb'rough dancing in the gout.
Behold a rev'rend sire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameless race,

Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd
By his own son, that passes by unbless'd:
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees.
A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:
"Mercy! (cries Helluo) mercy on my soul!
Is there no hope?—alas!—then bring the jowl."
The frugal Crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.
"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a Saint provoke,
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)
No, let a charming Chintz, and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
And—Betty—give this Cheek a little Red."
The Courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
An humble servant to all human kind,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,
"If—where I'm going—I could serve you, Sir?"
"I give and I devise (old Euclio said,
And sigh'd) my lands and tenements to Ned."
"Your money, sir?"—"My money, Sir, what all?
Why,—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul."
"The Manor, sir?"—"The manor! hold (he cry'd),
Not that,—I cannot part with that"—and died.
And you, brave COBHAM, to the latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:
Such in those moments as in all the past,
"Oh, save my Country, Heav'n!" shall be your last.

[1733]

EPISTLE II

To a Lady

OF THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
"Most Women have no Characters at all."
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.
How many pictures of one Nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's Countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
Is there, Pastora by a fountain side.
Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
And there, a naked Leda with a Swan.
Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye,
Or drest in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
With simp'ring Angels, Palms, and Harps divine;
Whether the Charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If Folly grow romantic, I must paint it.
Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air;
Choose a firm Cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.
Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the Park
Attracts each light gay meteor of a Spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty smock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning mask:
So morning Insects, that in muck begun,

Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.
How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The frail one's advocate, the Weak one's friend.
To her, Calista prov'd her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink,
But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose,
All eyes may see—a Pimple on her nose.
Papillia, wedded to her am'rous spark,
Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a Park!"
A Park is purchas'd, but the Fair he sees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious Trees!"
Ladies, like variegated Tulips, show;
'Tis to their Changes half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy Spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd;
Her Tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her Eyes,
Less Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wise;
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.
Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;
Has e'en been prov'd to grant a Lover's pray'r,
And paid a Tradesman once to make him stare;
Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
And made a Widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare Good-nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne?

Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to Pleasure, yet a slave to Fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking Citron with his Grace and Chartres:
Now Conscience chills her, and now Passion burns;
And Atheism and Religion take their turns;
A very Heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.
  See Sin in State, majestically drunk;
Proud as a Peeress, prouder as a Punk;
Chaste to her Husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming Mistress, but a barren Bride.
What then? let Blood and Body bear the fault,
Her Head's untouch'd, that noble Seat of Thought:
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She sins with Poet thro' pure Love of Wit.
What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?
Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlema'ne.
As Helluo, late Dictator of the Feast,
The Nose of *Haut-goût* and the Tip of Taste,
Critiqu'd your wine, and analys'd your meat,
Yet on plain Pudding deign'd at-home to eat:
So Philomede, lect'ring all mankind
On the soft Passion, and the Taste refin'd,
Th' Address, the Delicacy—stoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a Dunce.
  Flavia's a Wit, has too much sense to Pray;
To toast our wants and wishes, is her way;
Nor asks of God, but of her Stars, to give
The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live."
Then all for Death, that Opiate of the soul!
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?

A Spark too fickle, or a Spouse too kind.
Wise Wretch! with pleasure too refin'd to please;
With too much Spirit to be e'er at ease;
With too much Quickness ever to be taught;
With too much Thinking to have common Thought;
You purchase Pain with all that Joy can give,
And die of nothing but a Rage to live.

Turn them from Wits; and look on Simo's Mate,
No Ass so meek, no Ass so obstinate.
Or her, that owns her Faults, but never mends,
Because she's honest, and the best of Friends.
Or her, whose life the Church and Scandal share,
For ever in a Passion, or a Pray'r.
Or her, who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no such place!"
Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
Of Mirth and Opium, ratafie and Tears,
The daily Anodyne, and nightly Draught,
To kill those foes to Fair ones, Time and Thought.
Woman and Fool are two hard things to hit;
For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind?
Scarce once herself, by turns all Womankind!
Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
Shines, in exposing Knaves and painting Fools,
Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules.
No Thought advances, but her Eddy Brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
Full sixty years the World has been her Trade,
The wisest Fool much Time has ever made.
From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No Passion gratify'd, except her Rage,
So much the Fury still outran the Wit,

The Pleasure miss'd her, and the Scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes Revenge from Hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her ev'ry turn with Violence pursu'd,
No more a storm her Hate than gratitude:
To that each Passion turns, or soon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate:
Superiors? death! and Equals? what a curse!
But an Inferior not dependant? worse.
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live:
But die, and she'll adore you—Then the Bust
And Temples rise—then fall again to dust.
Last night, her Lord was all that's good and great;
A Knave this morning, and his Will a Cheat.
Strange! by the Means defeated of the Ends,
By Spirit robb'd of Power, by Warmth of Friends,
By Wealth of Follow'rs! without one distress,
Sick of herself thro' very selfishness!
Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
Childless with all her Children, wants an Heir.
To Heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, Heav'n-directed, to the Poor.

Pictures like these, dear Madam, to design,
Ask no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
Some flying strokes alone can hit 'em right:
For how should equal Colours do the knack?
Cameleons who can paint in white and black?

"Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot"—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
"With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a Heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts, just as she ought;

But never, never reach'd one gen'rous Thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in Decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her Lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
And when she sees her Friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a Chintz exceeds Mohair!
Forbid it Heav'n, a Favour or a Debt
She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.
Safe is your Secret still in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
Of all her Dears she never slander'd one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her Footman put it in her head.
Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wise?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

One certain Portrait may (I grant) be seen,
Which Heav'n has varnish'd out, and made a *Queen:*
THE SAME FOR EVER! and describ'd by all
With Truth and Goodness, as with Crown and Ball.
Poets heap Virtues, Painters Gems at will,
And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
'Tis well—but, Artists! who can paint or write,
To draw the Naked is your true delight.
That Robe of Quality so struts and swells,
None see what Parts of Nature it conceals:
Th' exactest traits of Body or of Mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If QUEENSBERRY to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a Handmaid we must take a Helen.

From Peer or Bishop 'tis no easy thing
To draw the man who loves his God, or King:
Alas! I copy, (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.
But grant, in Public Men sometimes are shown,
A Woman's seen in Private life alone:
Our bolder Talents in full light display'd;
Your Virtues open fairest in the shade.
Bred to disguise, in Public 'tis you hide;
There, none distinguish 'twixt your Shame or Pride,
Weakness or Delicacy; all so nice,
That each may seem a Virtue, or a Vice.
In Men, we various Ruling Passions find;
In Women, two almost divide the kind;
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The Love of Pleasure, and the Love of Sway.
That, Nature gives; and where the lesson taught
Is but to please, can Pleasure seem a fault?
Experience, this; by Man's oppression curst,
They seek the second not to lose the first.
Men, some to Bus'ness, some to Pleasure take;
But ev'ry Woman is at heart a Rake:
Men, some to Quiet, some to public Strife;
But ev'ry Lady would be Queen for life.
Yet mark the fate of a whole Sex of Queens!
Pow'r all their end, but Beauty all the means:
In Youth they conquer, with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their Age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But Wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd Retreat,
As hard a science to the Fair as Great!
Beauties, like Tyrants, old and friendless grown,

Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasure the sex, as children Birds, pursue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the Toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost:
At last, to follies Youth could scarce defend,
It grows their Age's prudence to pretend;
Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more:
As Hags hold Sabbaths, less for joy than spite,
So these their merry, miserable Night;
Still round and round the Ghosts of Beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their Honour dy'd.

See how the World its Veterans rewards!
A Youth of Frolics, an old Age of Cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;
A Fop their Passion, but their Prize a Sot,
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!

Ah friend! to dazzle let the Vain design;
To raise the thought, and touch the Heart be thine!
That Charm shall grow, while what fatigues the Ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light,
Serene in Virgin Modesty she shines,
And unobserv'd the glaring Orb declines.

Oh! blest with Temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day:
She who can love a Sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a Daughter with unwounded ear:

She who ne'er answers till a Husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys;
Let Fops of Fortune fly which way they will,
Disdains all loss of Tickets, or Codille;
Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,
And Mistress of herself, tho' China fall.
And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a Contradiction still.
Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer Man;
Picks from each sex, to make the Fav'rite blest,
Your love of Pleasure, our desire of Rest:
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your taste of Follies, with our Scorn of Fools:
Reserve with Frankness, Art with Truth ally'd,
Courage with Softness, Modesty with Pride;
Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces—You!
Be this a Woman's Fame: with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and Queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your Parents' simple Pray'r;
And gave you Beauty, but denied the Pelf
That buys your sex a Tyrant o'er itself.
The gen'rous God, who Wit and Gold refines,
And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines,
Kept Dross for Duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave Sense, Good-humour, and a Poet.

[1735]

EPISTLE III

To Allen, Lord Bathurst

ARGUMENT

OF THE USE OF RICHES

That it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, Avarice or Profusion, ver. 1, etc. The Point discussed, whether the invention of Money has been more commodious or pernicious to Mankind, ver. 21 to 77. That Riches, either to the Avaricious or the Prodigal, cannot afford Happiness, scarcely Necessaries, ver. 89 to 160. That Avarice is an absolute Frenzy, without an End or Purpose, ver. 113, etc., 152. Conjectures about the Motives of Avaricious men, ver. 121 to 153. That the conduct of men, with respect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the Order of Providence, which works the general Good out of Extremes, and brings all to its great End by perpetual Revolutions, ver. 161 to 178. How a Miser acts upon Principles which appear to him reasonable, ver. 179. How a Prodigal does the same, ver. 199. The due Medium and true use of Riches, ver. 219. The Man of Ross, ver. 250. The fate of the Profuse and the Covetous, in two examples: both miserable in Life and in Death, ver. 300, etc. The story of Sir Balaam, ver. 339 to the end.

P. WHO shall decide, when Doctors disagree,
And soundest Casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That Man was made the standing jest of Heav'n:
And Gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
For some to heap, and some to throw away.
But I, who think more highly of our kind
(And surely, Heav'n and I are of a mind),
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief underground:

But when by Man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival to its Sire, the Sun,
Then careful Heav'n supply'd two sorts of Men,
To squander These, and Those to hide again.
Like Doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
We find our tenets just the same at last.
Both fairly owning, Riches, in effect,
No grace of Heav'n or token of th' Elect;
Giv'n to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.
B. What Nature wants, commodious Gold bestows,
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.
P. But how unequal it bestows, observe,
'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve:
What Nature wants (a phrase I much distrust)
Extends to Luxury, extends to Lust:
Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark Assassin hires.
B. Trade it may help, Society extend.
P. But lures the Pirate, and corrupts the Friend.
B. It raises Armies in a Nation's aid.
P. But bribes a Senate, and the Land's betray'd.
In vain may heroes fight, and Patriots rave;
If secret Gold sap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confess, beneath the Patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bag the dropping Guinea spoke,
And jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a Rogue as you."
Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
Can pocket States, can fetch or carry Kings;
A single leaf shall waft an Army o'er,

Or ship off Senates to some distant Shore;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the wind shall blow:
Pregnant with thousands flits the Scrap unseen,
And silent sells a King, or buys a Queen.
Oh! that such bulky Bribes as all might see,
Still, as of old, incumber'd Villainy!
Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,
With all their brandies or with all their wines?
What could they more than Knights and 'Squires confound,
Or water all the Quorum ten miles round?
A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil!
"Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;
Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;
A hundred oxen at your levée roar."
Poor Avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could Profusion squander all in kind.
Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet;
And Worldly crying coals from street to street,
Whom with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?
His Grace will game: to White's a Bull be led,
With spurning heels and with a butting head.
To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,
Fair Coursers, Vases, and alluring Dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
Bear home six Whores, and make his Lady weep?
Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?
Oh filthy check on all industrious skill,
To spoil the nation's last great trade, Quadrille!

Since then, my Lord, on such a World we fall,
What say you? *B.* Say? Why take it, Gold and all.
P. What Riches give us let us then inquire:
Meat, Fire, and Clothes. *B.* What more? P.
Meat, Clothes, and Fire.
Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
Alas! 'tis more than (all his Visions past)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
What can they give? to dying Hopkins, Heirs;
To Chartres, Vigour; Japhet, Nose and Ears?
Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below;
Or heal, old Narses, thy obscener ail,
With all th' embroid'ry plaster'd at thy tail?
They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
Give Harpax' self the blessing of a Friend;
Or find some Doctor that would save the life
Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's Wife:
But thousands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.
To some, indeed, Heav'n grants the happier fate,
T' enrich a Bastard, or a Son they hate.
Perhaps you think the Poor might have their part.
Bond damns the Poor, and hates them from his heart:
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule
That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool:
"God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
The wretch he starves"—and piously denies:
But the good Bishop with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.
Yet to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:
Damn'd to the Mines, an equal fate betides

The Slave that digs it, and the Slave that hides.
B. Who suffer thus, mere Charity should own,
Must act on motives pow'rful, tho' unknown.
P. Some War, some Plague, or Famine, they foresee,
Some Revelation hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found,
He thinks a Loaf will rise to fifty pound.
What made Directors cheat in South-Sea year?
To live on Ven'son when it sold so dear.
Ask you why Phryne the whole Auction buys?
Phryne foresees a general Excise.
Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?
Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.
Wise Peter sees the World's respect for Gold,
And therefore hopes this Nation may be sold:
Glorious Ambition! Peter, swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.
The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary Realms, and worlds of Gold.
Congenial souls! whose life one Av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Asturian Mines.
Much injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in these words our fate:
"At length Corruption, like a gen'ral flood
(So long by watchful Ministers withstood),
Shall deluge all; and Av'rice creeping on,
Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the Sun;
Statesman and Patriot ply alike the stocks,
Peeress and Butler share alike the Box,
And Judges job, and Bishops bite the town,

And mighty Dukes pack cards for half-a-crown.
See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
And France reveng'd on ANNE's and EDWARD's arms!"
'Twas no Court-badge, great Scriv'ner, fir'd thy brain,
Nor lordly Luxury, nor City Gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, asham'd to see
Senates degen'rate, Patriots disagree;
And, nobly wishing Party-rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy Country peace.
"All this is madness," cries a sober sage:
But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?
"The ruling Passion, be it what it will,
The ruling Passion conquers Reason still."
Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,
Than ev'n that Passion, if it has no Aim;
For tho' such motives Folly you may call,
The Folly's greater to have none at all.
Hear then the truth: "'Tis Heav'n each Passion sends,
And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.
Extremes in Nature equal good produce,
Extremes in Man concur to gen'ral use."
Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?
That POW'R who bids the Ocean ebb and flow,
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
Builds Life on Death, on Change Duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.
Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,

Sees but a backward steward for the Poor;
This year a Reservoir, to keep and spare;
The next, a Fountain, spouting thro' his Heir,
In lavish streams to quench a Country's thirst,
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.
  Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)
His kitchen vy'd in coolness with his grot?
His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,
With soups unbought and salads bless'd his board?
If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
Than Brahmins, Saints, and Sages did before;
To cram the rich was prodigal expense,
And who would take the Poor from Providence?
Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old Hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round:
Tenants with sighs the smokeless tow'rs survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way:
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the sav'd candle, and unop'ning door;
While the gaunt mastiff growling at the gate
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
  Not so his Son; he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
(For what to shun will no great knowledge need;
But what to follow, is a task indeed.)
Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin Fortunes than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'Squire, and deep Divine!
Yet no mean motive this profusion draws,

His oxen perish in his country's cause;
'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,
And Zeal for that great House which eats him up.
The Woods recede around the naked seat,
The sylvans groan—no matter—for the Fleet:
Next goes his Wool, to clothe our valiant bands,
Last, for his Country's love, he sells his Lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold Train-bands, and burns a Pope.
And shall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain, that prays her patriots with her spoils?
In vain at Court the Bankrupt pleads his cause,
His thankless Country leaves him to her Laws.

The Sense to value Riches, with the Art
T' enjoy them, and the Virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursu'd,
Not sunk by sloth, not rais'd by servitude;
To balance Fortune by a just expense,
Join with Economy, Magnificence;
With Splendour, Charity; with Plenty, Health;
Oh teach us, BATHURST! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.

B. To Worth or Want well weigh'd, be Bounty given,
And ease, or emulate, the care of Heav'n;
(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race);
Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death, but life, diffus'd;
As poison heals, in just proportion us'd:
In heaps, like Ambergris, a stink it lies,
But, well-dispers'd, is Incense to the Skies.

P. Who starves by Nobles, or with Nobles eats?
The Wretch that trusts them, and the Rogue that cheats.

Is there a Lord, who knows a cheerful noon
Without a Fiddler, Flatt'rer, or Buffoon?
Whose table, Wit, or modest Merit share,
Un-elbow'd by a Gamester, Pimp, or Play'r?
Who copies Yours, or OXFORD's better part,
To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
Where'er he shines, oh Fortune, gild the scene,
And Angels guard him in the golden Mean!
There, English Bounty yet awhile may stand,
And honour linger ere it leaves the land.
But all our praises why should Lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the MAN of Ross:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose Causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose Seats the weary Traveller repose?
Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
"The MAN of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The MAN of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon Almshouse, neat, but void of state,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the MAN of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance; enter but his door,

Balk'd are the Courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing Quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile Attorneys, now an useless race.
B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?
P. Of Debts, and Taxes, Wife and Children clear,
This man possest—five hundred pounds a year!
Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, without your blaze!
Ye little Stars! hide your diminish'd rays.
B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?
P. Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his Name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd, by ends of being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living sav'd a candle's end;
Should'ring God's altar a vile magic stands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long wig which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.
Behold what blessings Wealth to life can lend!
And see, what comfort it affords our end.
In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-ty'd curtains never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed

Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies,—alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay, at Council, in a ring
Of mimick'd Statesmen, and their merry King.
No Wit to flatter left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.
There, Victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.
His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me."
As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?
That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
Want with a full, or with an empty purse?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd,
Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r,
For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.
A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd.
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
What e'en deny'd a cordial at his end,
Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus, dying both exclaim,
"Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name!"
Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both, in this their own reward?

A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale. *B.* Agreed.
P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies;
There dwelt a Citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:
Constant at Church, and 'Change; his gains were sure,
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.
The Dev'l was piqu'd such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rous'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his Father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich ship-wrecks bless the lucky shore.
Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
"Live like yourself," was soon my Lady's word;
And lo! two puddings smok'd upon the board.
Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a Gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the Di'mond, and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
And am so clear too of all other vice."
The Tempter saw his time; the work he ply'd;

Stocks and Subscriptions pour on ev'ry side,
'Till all the Demon makes his full descent
In one abundant show'r of Cent. per Cent.,
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs Director, and secures his soul.
Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a Blessing, now was Wit,
And God's good Providence, a lucky Hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
His Counting-house employ'd the Sunday-morn:
Seldom at Church ('twas such a busy life)
But duly sent his family and wife.
There (so the Dev'l ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.
A Nymph of Quality admires our Knight;
He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
First, for his Son a gay Commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and, in a duel, dies:
His daughter flaunts a Viscount's tawdry wife;
She bears a Coronet, and P-x, for life.
In Britain's Senate he a seat obtains,
And one more Pensioner St. Stephen gains.
My Lady falls to play: so bad her chance,
He must repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The House impeach him; Coningsby harangues;
The Court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs:
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown:
The Devil and the King divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

[1732]

EPISTLE IV

To Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington

ARGUMENT

OF THE USE OF RICHES

The Vanity of Expense in People of Wealth and Quality. The abuse of the word, Taste, ver. 13. That the first principle and foundation in this, as in everything else, is Good Sense, ver. 39. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere Luxury and Elegance. Instanced in Architecture and Gardening, where all must be adapted to the Genius and Use of the Place, and the Beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, ver. 47. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings for want of this true Foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best Examples and Rules will be but perverted into something burdensome or ridiculous, ver. 65, etc., to 98. A description of the false Taste of Magnificence; the first grand Error of which is to imagine that Greatness consists in the Size and Dimension, instead of the Proportion and Harmony of the whole, ver. 99; and the second, either in joining together Parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the Repetition of the same too frequently, ver. 105, etc. A word or two of false Taste in Books, in Music, in Painting, even in Preaching and Prayer, and lastly in Entertainments, ver. 133, etc. Yet Providence is justified in giving Wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the Poor and Laborious part of mankind, ver. 169 (recurring to what is laid down in the *Essay on Man, Epistle II.*, and in the Epistle preceding, ver. 159, etc.). What are the proper objects of Magnificence, and a proper field for the expense of Great Men, ver. 177, etc.; and finally, the Great and Public Works which become a Prince, ver. 191 to the end.

'Tis strange, the Miser should his Cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy:

Is it less strange, the Prodigal should waste
His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
Artists must choose his Pictures, Music, Meats:
He buys for Topham, Drawings and Designs,
For Pembroke Statues, dirty Gods, and Coins;
Rare monkish Manuscripts for Hearne alone,
And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all these are for himself? no more
Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to show, how many Tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?
Some Demon whisper'd, "Visto! have a Taste."
Heav'n visits with a Taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no Rod but Ripley with a Rule.
See! sportive fate, to punish awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a Guide:
A standing sermon, at each year's expence,
That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence!

You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of Use.
Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules
Fill half the land with Imitating-Fools;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load some vain Church with old Theatric state,
Turn Arcs of triumph to a Garden-gate;
Reverse your Ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dig-hole ek'd with ends of wall;
Then clap four slices of Pilaster on't,
That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a Front.
Shall call the winds thro' long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;

Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.
  Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is more needful than expence,
And something previous ev'n to Taste—'tis Sense:
Good Sense, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
And tho' no Science, fairly worth the seven:
A Light, which in yourself you must perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.
  To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,
To swell the Terrace, or to sink the Grot;
In all, let Nature never be forgot,
But treat the Goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spy'd,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the Bounds.
  Consult the Genius of the Place in all;
That tells the Waters or to rise, or fall;
Or helps th' ambitious Hill the heav'ns to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the Vale;
Calls in the Country, catches op'ning glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending Lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.
  Still follow Sense, of ev'ry Art the Soul,
Parts answ'ring parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from Difficulty, strike from Chance;
Nature shall join you; Time shall make it grow
A Work to wonder at—perhaps a Stowe.

Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls;
And Nero's Terraces desert their walls:
The vast Parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! COBHAM comes, and floats them with a Lake:
Or cut wide views thro' Mountains to the Plain,
You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an Hermitage set Dr. Clarke.
Behold Villario's ten-years' toil complete;
His Quincunx darkens, his Espaliers meet;
The Wood supports the Plain, the parts unite,
And strength of Shade contends with strength of Light;
A waving Glow the bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
With silver-quiv'ring rills meander'd o'er—
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
Tir'd of the scene Parterres and Fountains yield,
He finds at last he better likes a Field.
Thro' his young Woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,
Or sate delighted in the thick'ning shade,
With annual joy the red'ning shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
His Son's fine Taste an op'ner Vista loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his Father's groves;
One boundless Green, or flourish'd Carpet views,
With all the mournful family of Yews:
The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those Alleys they were born to shade.
At Timon's Villa let us pass a day,
Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown away!"
So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
Soft and Agreeable come never there.
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.

To compass this, his building is a Town,
His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down:
Who but must laugh, the Master when he sees,
A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground,
Two Cupids squirt before: a Lake behind
Improves the keenness of the Northern wind.
His Gardens next your admiration call,
On ev'ry side you look, behold the Wall!
No pleasing Intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suff'ring eye inverted Nature sees,
Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees;
With here a Fountain, never to be play'd;
And there a Summer-house, that knows no shade;
Here Amphitrite sails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
There Gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;
Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty Urn.
My Lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen:
But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
First thro' the length of yon hot Terrace sweat;
And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
Just at his Study-door he'll bless your eyes.
His Study! with what Authors is it stor'd?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round;
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueïl has bound.
Lo, some are Vellum, and the rest as good

For all his Lordship knows, but they are Wood.
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
These shelves admit not any modern book..
And now the Chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the Pride of Pray'r:
Light quirks of Music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a Jig to Heav'n.
On painted Ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.
To rest, the Cushion and soft Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.
But hark! the chiming Clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble Hall:
The rich Buffet well-colour'd serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a Genial room?
No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb.
A solemn Sacrifice, perform'd in state,
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there.
Between each Act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the King.
In plenty starving, tantalis'd in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, caress'd, and tir'd I take my leave,
Sick of his civil Pride from Morn to Eve;
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
And swear no Day was ever pass'd so ill.
Yet hence the Poor are cloth'd, the Hungry fed;
Health to himself, and to his Infants bread
The Lab'rer bears: What his hard Heart denies,

His charitable Vanity supplies.
Another age shall see the golden Ear
Imbrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre,
Deep Harvest bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres reassume the land.
Who then shall grace, or who improve the Soil?
Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like BOYLE.
'Tis Use alone that sanctifies Expense,
And splendour borrows all her rays from Sense.
His Father's Acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his Neighbours glad, if he increase:
Whose cheerful Tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their Lord owe more than to the soil;
Whose ample Lawns are not asham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed;
Whose rising Forests, not for pride or show,
But future Buildings, future Navies, grow:
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a Country, and then raise a Town.
You too proceed! make falling Arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
'Till Kings call forth th' Ideas of your mind,
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd),
Bid Harbours open, public Ways extend,
Bid Temples, worthier of the God, ascend;
Bid the broad Arch the dang'rous Flood contain,
The Mole projected break the roaring Main;
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient Rivers thro' the Land;
These honours, Peace to happy Britain brings,
These are Imperial Works, and worthy Kings.

[1731]

SATIRES

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT

BEING THE PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

Neque sermonibus vulgi dederis te, nec in præmiis humanis spem posueris rerum tuarum; suis te oportet illecebris ipsa virtus trahat ad verum decus. Quid de te alii loquantur, ipsi videant, sed loquentur tamen.—CICERO.

[And do not yield yourself up to the speeches of the vulgar, nor in your affairs place hope in human rewards: virtue ought to draw you to true glory by its own allurements. Why should others speak of you? Let them study themselves—yet they will speak.]

ADVERTISEMENT

This paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of Rank and Fortune (the authors of *Verses to the Imitator of Horace,* and of an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court)* to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my Writings (of which, being public, the Public is judge), but my Person, Morals, and Family, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle. If it have anything pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the Truth and the Sentiment; and if anything offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true: but I have for the most part

spared their Names, and they may escape being laughed at if they please.

I would have some of them know it was owing to the request of the learned and candid Friend to whom it is inscribed that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage and honour on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless Character can never be found out but by its truth and likeness.

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd, I said;
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The Dog-star rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, thro' my Grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the Church is free,
Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:
Then from the Mint walks forth the Man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, just at Dinner-time.
Is there a Parson, much bemus'd in beer,
A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer,
A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a Stanza, when he should *engross?*
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to TWIT'NAM, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the Laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:

Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.
Friend to my Life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What *Drop* or *Nostrum* can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped,
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lye:
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace,
And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of face.
I sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."
"Nine years!" cries he, who, high in Drury Lane,
Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends:
"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it,
I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make it."
Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My Friendship, and a Prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his Grace,
I want a Patron; ask him for a Place."
Pitholeon libell'd me—"But here's a letter
Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine,
He'll write a *Journal,* or he'll turn Divine."
Bless me! a packet.—" 'Tis a stranger sues,
A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse."
If I dislike it, "Furies, death and rage!"
If I approve, "Commend it to the Stage."

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The Play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends;
Fir'd that the house reject him, "'Sdeath! I'll print it,
And shame the fools—Your int'rest, Sir, with Lintot."
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
"Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks;
And last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks."
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,
Sir, let me see your works and you no more.
'Tis sung, when Midas' Ears began to spring
(Midas, a sacred person and a King)
His very Minister who spy'd them first,
(Some say his Queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst.
And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?
A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dang'rous things,
I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings;
Keep close to Ears, and those let asses prick,
'Tis nothing——*P.* Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass:
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.
You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
Who shames a Scribbler? break one cobweb thro',
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:
Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,

The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd in the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,
Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer?
And has not Colley still his lord, and whore?
His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore?
Does not one table Bavius still admit?
Still to one Bishop Philips seem a wit?
Still Sappho——*A.* Hold! for God's sake—you'll offend,
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend!
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like these——*P.* One Flatt'rer's worse than all.
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they *repent.*
One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grub Street will my fame defend,
And more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my Letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."
There are, who to my person pay their court:
I cough like *Horace,* and, tho' lean, am short.
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such *Ovid's* nose, and, "Sir! you have an eye—"
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgrac'd my Betters, met in me.
Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal MARO held his head:"
And, when I die, be sure you let me know

Great *Homer* dy'd three thousand years ago."
Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipt me in ink, my parent's, or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd.
The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not Wife,
To help me thro' this long disease, my Life,
To second, ARBUTHNOT! thy Art and Care,
And teach the Being you preserv'd, to bear.
But why then publish? *Granville* the polite,
And knowing *Walsh,* would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praise,
And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays;
The courtly *Talbot, Somers, Sheffield* read,
Ev'n mitred *Rochester* would nod the head,
And *St. John's* self (great *Dryden's* friend before)
With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
Happier their author, when by these belov'd!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the *Burnets, Oldmixons,* and *Cookes.*
Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure Description held the place of Sense?
Like gentle *Fanny's* was my flow'ry theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.
Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sate still.
Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;
I never answer'd—I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint.
Did some more sober Critic come abroad,

If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet n'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
From slashing *Bentley* down to piddling *Tibbalds:*
Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each Word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
Ev'n such small Critics some regard may claim,
Preserv'd in *Milton's* or in *Shakespeare's* name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That Casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify? for who can *guess?*
The Bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year;
He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
And He, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And He, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not Poetry, but prose run mad:
All these, my modest Satire bade *translate,*
And own'd that nine such Poets made a *Tate.*
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!

And swear, not ADDISON himself was safe.
Peace to all such! but were there One whose fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging, that he n'er oblig'd;
Like *Cato,* gave his little Senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While Wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he?
What tho' my Name stood rubric on the walls,
Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I sought no homage from the Race that write;
I kept, like *Asian* monarchs, from their sight:
Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd so long)
No more than thou, great GEORGE! a birth-day song.
I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor like a puppy, daggled thro' the town,

To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
Nor at Rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cried,
With handkerchief and orange at my side;
But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To *Bufo* left the whole *Castalian* state.
  Proud as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown *Bufo,* puff'd by every quill;
Fed with soft Dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
His Library (where busts of Poets dead
And a true *Pindar* stood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
And flatter'd every day, and some days eat:
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise,
To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:
But still the *Great* have kindness in reserve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.
  May some choice patron bless each grey goose quill!
May ev'ry *Bavius* have his *Bufo* still!
So when a Statesman wants a day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense,
Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
Bless'd be the *Great!* for those they take away,
And those they left me; for they left me GAY;
Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all the blameless life the sole return

My Verse, and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er thy urn!

Oh let me live my own, and die so too!
(To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a Poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please:
Above a Patron, tho' I condescend
Sometimes to call a Minister my friend.
I was not born for Courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs;
Can sleep without a Poem in my head,
Nor know, if *Dennis* be alive or dead.

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has Life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
"I found him close with *Swift*—Indeed? no doubt
(Cries prating *Balbus*) something will come out."
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.
"No, such a Genius never can lie still";
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon Sir *Will* or *Bubo* makes.
Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my *Style?*

Curst be the verse, how well so'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fall'n worth, or Beauty in distress,
Who loves a Lye, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a Libel, or who copies out:
That Fop whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame:

Who can *your* merit *selfishly* approve,
And show the *sense* of it without the *love;*
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And if he lye not, must at least betray:
Who to the *Dean* and *silver bell* can swear,
And sees at *Canons* what was never there;
Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
Makes Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction Lye;
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.
Let Sporus tremble—— *A.* What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of Ass's milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can *Sporus* feel,
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of *Eve,* familiar Toad!
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
His wit all see-saw, between *that* and *this,*
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile Antithesis.

Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart;
Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,
A Cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,
Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor servile; Be one Poet's praise,
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:
That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a shame,
And thought a Lye in verse or prose the same;
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to Truth, and moralis'd his song:
That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale reviv'd, the lye so oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape;
Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father, dead;
The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOV'REIGN'S ear—
Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue!* all the past:
For thee, fair *Virtue!* welcome ev'n the *last!*

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?
P. A knave's a knave, to me, in ev'ry state:
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or *Japhet* in a jail,
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;
If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,
He gain his Prince's ear, or lose his own.
Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded Sat'rist *Dennis* will confess
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:
So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald's* door,
Has drunk with *Cibber,* nay has rhym'd for *Moore.*
Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
Three thousand suns went down on *Welsted's* lye;
To please a Mistress one aspers'd his life;
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:
Let *Budgell* charge low *Grub Street* on his quill.
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will;
Let the two *Curlls* of Town and Court abuse
His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.
Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:
That harmless Mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and spare his family, *James Moore!*
Unspotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.
Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,
While yet in *Britain* Honour had applause)
Each parent sprung—— *A.* What fortune pray?——
P. Their own,
And better got, than *Bestia's* from the throne.
Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,

Nor marrying Discord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age.
No Courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lye.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By Nature honest, by Experience wise,
Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise;
His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.
O grant me, thus to live, and thus to die!
Who sprung from Kings shall know less joy than I.
O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing Age,
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed of Death,
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!
On cares like these if length of days attend,
May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he serv'd a QUEEN.
A. Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n,
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heaven.

[1735]

SATIRES AND EPISTLES OF HORACE IMITATED

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur.—HORACE.
[He seems with freedom, what with pain he proves,
And now a Satyr, now a Cyclops moves.—FRANCIS.]

The Occasion of publishing these *Imitations* was the clamour raised on some of my *Epistles.* An Answer from *Horace* was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I could have made in my own person; and the Example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as Dr. *Donne* seem'd a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever so low or ever so high a Station. Both these Authors were acceptable to the *Princes* and *Ministers* under whom they lived. The *Satires* of Dr. *Donne* I versified at the desire of the Earl of *Oxford,* while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of *Shrewsbury,* who had been Secretary of State: neither of whom look'd upon a Satire on Vicious Courts as any reflection on those they serv'd in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error than that which Fools are so apt to fall into, and Knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a *Satirist* for a *Libeller;* whereas to a *true Satirist* nothing is so odious as a *Libeller,* for the same reason as to a man truly *virtuous* nothing is so hateful as a *Hypocrite.*

Uni æquus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis.

THE FIRST SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE

SATIRE I

To Mr. Fortescue

P. There are (I scarce can think it, but am told)
There are, to whom my Satire seems too bold:
Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough.
The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say,
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,
I come to Counsel learned in the Law:
You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,

Advice; and (as you use) without a Fee.
F. I'd write no more.
P. Not write? but then I think,
And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.
F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.
Why, if the nights seem tedious—take a Wife:
Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip-wine; *Probatum est.*
But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes.
Or, if you needs must write, write Cæsar's Praise,
You'll gain at least a *Knighthood,* or the *Bays.*
P. What! like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce,
With Arms, and George and Brunswick crowd the verse,
Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,
With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuss, and Thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horse?
F. Then all your Muse's softer art display,
Let Carolina smooth the tuneful lay,
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow thro' all the Royal Line.
P. Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
They scarce can bear their *Laureate* twice a year;
And justly Cæsar scorns the Poet's lays,
It is to *History* he trusts for Praise.
F. Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all Taste, blaspheme Quadrille,

Abuse the City's best good men in metre,
And laugh at Peers that put their trust in Peter.
E'en those you touch not, hate you.
P. What should ail them?
F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.
P. Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his Ham-pie;
Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
The doubling Lustres dance as fast as she;
F—— loves the Senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
Like, in all else, as one Egg to another.
I love to pour out all myself, as plain
As downright SHIPPEN, or as old Montaigne:
In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
The Soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,
Will prove at least the Medium must be clear.
In this impartial glass, my Muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;
Publish the present age; but where my text
Is Vice too high, reserve it for the next:
My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
And ev'ry friends the less lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,
Verse-man or Prose-man, term me what you will,
Papist or Protestant, or both between,
Like good Erasmus in an honest Mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet;
I only wear it in a land of Hectors,

Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.
Save but our *Army!* and let Jove incrust
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
Peace is my dear delight—not FLEURY's more:
But touch me, and no minister so sore.
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song.

Slander or Poison dread from Delia's rage,
Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be Page.
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
Pox'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels;
Bulls aim their horns, and Asses lift their heels;
'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not stung by Pug.
So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat.

Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter short)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,
Whether Old Age, with faint but cheerful ray,
Attends to gild the Ev'ning of my day,
Or Death's black wing already be display'd,
To wrap me in the universal shade;
Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write:
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print.

F. Alas young man! your days can ne'er be long,
In flow'r of age you perish for a song!
Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife,
Will club their Testers, now, to take your life!

P. What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen,

Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;
Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded Car;
Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a Star;
Can there be wanting, to defend Her cause,
Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
Flatt'rers and Bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Fry'r engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not strip the gilding off a Knave,
Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave?
I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:
Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'scape the Laws:
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the World, in credit, to his grave.
To VIRTUE ONLY AND HER FRIENDS, A FRIEND,
The World beside may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but soothes my sleep.
There, my retreat the best Companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place.
There ST. JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl
The Feast of Reason and the Flow of Soul:
And HE, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,
Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,
Or tames the Genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

Envy must own, I live among the Great,
No Pimp of pleasure, and no Spy of state,
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be

Scribblers or peers, alike are *Mob* to me.
This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—
What saith my Counsel, learned in the laws?
F. Your Plea is good; but still I say, beware!
Laws are explain'd by Men—so have a care.
It stands on record, that in Richard's times
A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes;
Consult the Statute, *quart.* I think, it is,
Edwardi Sext. or *prim. et quint. Eliz.*
See *Libels, Satires*—here you have it—read.
P. Libels and Satires! lawless things indeed!
But grave *epistles,* bringing Vice to light,
Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,
Such as Sir ROBERT would approve——
F. Indeed!
The Case is alter'd—you may then proceed;
In such a cause the Plaintiff will be hiss'd,
My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.
[1733]

THE SECOND SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE

SATIRE II

To Mr. Bethel

What, and how great, the Virtue and the Art
To live on little with a cheerful heart
(A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine);
Let's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine.
Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from sound Philosophy aside;

Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
Hear BETHEL'S Sermon, one not vers'd in schools,
But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.
Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)
Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.
Your wine lock'd up, your Butler stroll'd abroad,
Or fish deny'd (the river yet unthaw'd),
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.
Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will choose a pheasant still before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Tho' cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat)
Yet for small Turbots such esteem profess?
Because God made these large, the other less.
Oldfield with more than harpy throat endu'd,
Cries, "Send me, Gods! a whole Hog barbecu'd!"
Oh, blast it, South-winds! till a stench exhale
Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.
By what Criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
If this is prized for sweetness, that for stink?
When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a treat,
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat,
He calls for something bitter, something sour,
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:
Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see;
Thus much is left of old Simplicity!
The Robin-red-breast till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a Martin's nest,
Till Beccaficos sold so dev'lish dear
To one that was, or would have been, a Peer.

Let me extol a Cat, on oysters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;
Or ev'n to crack live Crawfish recommend;
I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.
'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between Excess and Famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not sordid; tho' not splendid, clean.
Avidien, or his Wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch)
Sell their presented partridges, and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on some lucky day (as when they found
A lost Bank bill, or heard their Son was drown'd),
At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,
Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear:
Oil, tho' it stink, they drop by drop impart,
But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.
He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,
And neither leans on this side, nor on that;
Nor stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
Nor lets, like Nævius, ev'ry error pass,
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.
Now hear what blessings Temperance can bring:
(Thus said our Friend, and what he said I sing)
First Health: The Stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry dish,
A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one intestine war)
Remembers oft the school-boy's simple fare,
The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

How pale, each Worshipful and Rev'rend guest
Rise from a Clergy, or a City feast!
What life in all that ample body, say?
What heav'nly particle inspires the clay?
The Soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound Divines.

On morning wings how active springs the Mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind!
How easy ev'ry labour it pursues!
How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muse!
Not but we may exceed, some holy time,
Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme;
Ill health some just indulgence may engage,
And more the sickness of long life, Old Age:
For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate Youth the vessel drains?

Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'son. You suppose,
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.
Not so: a Buck was then a week's repast,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.
Why had not I in those good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb-pies or coxcombs were on earth?

Unworthy he, the Voice of Fame to hear,
That sweetest music to an honest ear;
(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a song)
Who has not learn'd, fresh sturgeon and ham-pie
Are no rewards for want, and infamy!
When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd by thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
Think how posterity will treat thy name;

And buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well.
"Right," cries his Lordship, "for a rogue in need
To have a Taste is insolence indeed:
In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
Then, like the Sun, let Bounty spread her ray,
And shine that superfluity away.
Oh Impudence of wealth! with all thy store,
How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall?
Make Quays, build Bridges, or repair White-hall:
Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.
Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And who stands safest? tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puff'd Prosperity,
Or blest with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?
Thus BETHEL spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And, as I love, would imitate the Man.
In South-sea day's not happier, when surmis'd
The Lord of Thousands, than if now *Excis'd;*
In forest planted by a Father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little I can piddle here,
On broccoli and mutton, round the year;
But ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play),
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no Turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:

To Hounslow-heath I point, and Bansted-down,
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:
From yon old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall;
And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
And figs from standard and espalier join;
The dev'l is in you if you cannot dine:
Then cheerful healths (your Mistress shall have place),
And, what's more rare, a Poet shall say Grace.
Fortune not much of humbling me can boast:
Tho' double tax'd, how little have I lost?
My Life's amusements have been just the same,
Before, and after Standing Armies came.
My lands are sold, my father's house is gone;
I'll hire another's; is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? thro' whose free-op'ning gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;
(For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest).
"Pray heav'n it last! (cries SWIFT!) as you go on;
I wish to God this house had been your own:
Pity! to build, without a son or wife:
Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."
Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
What's *Property?* dear Swift! you see it alter
From you to me, from me to Peter Walter;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a Lawyer's share;
Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir;
Or, in pure equity (the case not clear)
The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:
At best, it fall to some ungracious son,
Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all's my own."
Shades, that to BACON could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby Lord;

And Helmsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a Scriv'ner or a city Knight.
Let lands and houses have what Lords they will,
Let Us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

[1734]

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE

To Lord Bolingbroke

St. John, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why will you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of Envy and of Praise.
Public too long, ah let me hide my Age!
See Modest Cibber now has left the Stage:
Our Gen'rals now, retir'd to their Estates,
Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,
In Life's cool Ev'ning satiate of Applause,
Nor fond of bleeding, ev'n in Brunswick's cause.
A voice there is, that whispers in my ear,
('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear)
"Friend Pope! be prudent, let your Muse take breath,
And never gallop Pegasus to death;
Lest stiff, and stately, void of fire or force,
You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's horse."
Farewell, then Verse, and Love, and ev'ry Toy.
The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy;
What right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is All:
To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste
What ev'ry day will want, and most, the last.

But ask not, to what Doctors I apply?
Sworn to no Master, of no Sect am I:
As drives the storm, at any door I knock:
And house with Montaigne now, or now with Locke.
Sometimes a Patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the World, and battle for the State,
Free as young Lyttelton, her Cause pursue,
Still true to Virtue, and as warm as true:
Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candour, and grow all to all;
Back to my native Moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.
Long, as to him who works for debt, the day,
Long as the Night to her whose Love's away,
Long as the Year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk Minor pants for twenty-one:
So slow th' unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the Functions of my soul;
That keep me from myself; and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day:
That task, which as we follow, or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise:
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure;
And which not done, the richest must be poor.
Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some comfort, not to be a fool.
Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite;
I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
Not to go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.
Say, does the blood rebel, thy bosom move
With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?

Know, there are Words, and Spells, which can control
Between the fits this Fever of the soul:
Know there are Rhymes, which fresh and fresh apply'd,
Will cure the arrant'st Puppy of his Pride.
Be furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
Slave to a Wife, or Vassal to a Punk,
A Switz, a High-Dutch, or a Low-Dutch Bear;
All that we ask is but a patient Ear.
'Tis the first Virtue, Vices to abhor;
And the first Wisdom, to be Fool no more.
But to the world no bugbear is so great,
As want of figure, and a small Estate.
To either India see the Merchant fly,
Scar'd at the spectre of pale poverty!
See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing, to make Philosophy thy friend?
To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
And ease thy heart of all that it admires?
Here, Wisdom calls: "Seek Virtue first, be bold!
As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."
There, London's voice: "Get Money, Money still!
And then let Virtue follow, if she will."
This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From low St. James's up to high St. Paul!
From his whose quill stands quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.
Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds;
"Pray, then, what wants he?" Fourscore thousand pounds;
A Pension, or such Harness for a slave

As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a Cit, with all thy worth;
But Bug and D*l, Their *Honours,* and so forth.
Yet ev'ry child another song will sing,
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."
True, conscious Honour is to feel no sin,
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
Be this thy Screen, and this thy Wall of Brass;
Compar'd to this a Minister's an Ass.
And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new Court jargon, or the good old song?
The modern language of corrupted Peers,
Or what was spoke at CRESSY or POITIERS?
Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but great,
With Praise or Infamy leave that to fate;
Get Place and Wealth, if possible with grace;
If not, by any means get Wealth and Place."
For what? to have a Box where Eunuchs sing,
And foremost in the Circle eye a King.
Or he, who bids thee face with steady view
Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness thro':
And, while he bids thee, sets th' Example too?
If such a Doctrine, in St. James's air,
Shou'd chance to make the well-dresst Rabble stare;
If honest S*z take scandal at a Spark,
That less admires the Palace than the Park:
Faith I shall give the answer Reynard gave:
"I cannot like, dread Sir, your Royal Cave:
Because I see, by all the tracks about,
Full many a Beast goes in, but none comes out."
Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a slave:
Send her to Court, you send her to her grave.
Well, if a King's a Lion, at the least
The People are a many-headed Beast:

Can they direct what measures to pursue,
Who know themselves so little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one Lust of Gold,
Just half the land would buy, and half be sold:
Their Country's wealth our mightier Misers drain,
Or cross, to plunder Provinces, the Main;
The rest, some farm the Poor-box, some the Pews;
Some keep Assemblies, and would keep the Stews;
Some with fat Bucks on childless Dotards fawn;
Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn;
While with the silent growth of ten per cent.,
In dirt and darkness, hundreds stink content.
Of all these ways, if each pursues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone:
But show me one who has it in his pow'r
To act consistent with himself an hour.
Sir Job sail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and still,
"No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill!"
Up starts a Palace, lo, th' obedient base
Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
The silver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let some whimsy, or that Dev'l within
Which guides all those who know not what they mean,
But give the Knight (or give his Lady) spleen;
"Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,
For Snug's the word: My dear! we'll live in Town."
At am'rous Flavio is the stocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.
The Fool, whose Wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.
Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themselves so strangely as the Rich?
Well, but the Poor—The Poor have the same itch;
They change their weekly Barber, weekly News,

Prefer a new Japanner, to their shoes,
Discharge their Garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a Chaise and one;
They hire their sculler, and, when once aboard,
Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a Lord.

You laugh, half Beau, half Sloven if I stand,
My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!
But, when no Prelate's Lawn with hair-shirt lin'd
Is half so incoherent as my Mind,
When (each opinion with the next at strife,
One ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to square, and square again to round;
You never change one muscle of your face,
You think this Madness but a common case,
Nor once to Chanc'ry, nor to Hale apply;
Yet hang your lip, to see a Seam awry!
Careless how ill I with myself agree,
Kind to my dress, my figure, not to Me.
Is this my Guide, Philosopher, and Friend?
This he who loves me, and who ought to mend;
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
That Man divine whom Wisdom calls her own;
Great without Title, without Fortune bless'd;
Rich ev'n when plunder'd, honour'd while oppress'd;
Lov'd without youth, and follow'd without pow'r;
At home, tho' exil'd; free, tho' in the Tower;
In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal Thing,
Just less than Jove, and much above a King,
Nay, half in heav'n—except (what's mighty odd)
A Fit of Vapours clouds this Demi-God?

[1737]

THE SIXTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE

To Mr. Murray

"Not to admire, is all the Art I know,
To make men happy, and to keep them so."
(Plain Truth, dear Murray, needs no flow'rs of speech,
So take it in the very words of Creech.)
This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball,
Self-centr'd Sun, and Stars that rise and fall,
There are, my Friend, whose philosophic eyes
Look thro', and trust the Ruler with his skies,
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view this dreadful All without a fear.
Admire we then what Earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;
All the mad trade of Fools and Slaves for Gold?
Or Popularity? or Stars and Strings?
The Mob's applauses, or the gifts of Kings?
Say with what eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
And pay the Great our homage of Amaze?
If weak the pleasure that from these can spring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we desire,
In either case, believe me, we admire;
Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse,
Surpris'd at better, or surpris'd at worse.
Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and snatch the Man away;
For Virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of Madmen is a Saint run mad.

Go then, and if you can, admire the state
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
Procure a TASTE to double the surprise,
And gaze on Parian Charms with learned eyes:
Be struck with bright Brocade, or Tyrian Dye,
Our Birth-day Nobles' splendid Livery.
If not so pleas'd, at Council-board rejoice,
To see their Judgments hang upon thy Voice;
From morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
For Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife?
Shall One whom Nature, Learning, Birth conspir'd
To form, not to admire but be admir'd,
Sigh, while his Chloe blind to Wit and Worth,
Weds the rich Dulness of some Son of earth?
Yet Time ennobles, or degrades each Line;
It brighten'd CRAGGS's, and may darken thine:
And what is Fame? the Meanest have their day,
The Greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
Grac'd as thou art, with all the Pow'r of Words,
So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords:
Conspicuous Scene! another yet is nigh,
(More silent far) where Kings and Poets lie;
Where MURRAY (long enough his Country's pride)
Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE!
Rack'd with Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone,
Will any mortal let himself alone?
See Ward by batter'd Beaux invited over,
And desp'rate Misery lays hold on Dover.
The case is easier in the Mind's disease;
There all Men may be cur'd, whene'er they please.
Would ye be blest? despise low Joys, low Gains;
Disdain whatever CORNBURY disdains;

Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.
But art thou one, whom new opinions sway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who Virtue and a Church alike disowns,
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?
Fly then, on all the wings of wild desire,
Admire whate'er the maddest can admire.
Is Wealth thy passion? Hence! from Pole to Pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian spices, for Peruvian Gold,
Prevent the greedy, or out-bid the bold:
Advance thy golden Mountain to the skies;
On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.
For, mark th' advantage; just so many score
Will gain a Wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
And then such Friends—as cannot fail to last.
A Man of wealth is dubb'd a Man of worth,
Venus shall give him Form, and Anstis Birth.
(Believe me, many a German Prince is worse,
Who proud of Pedigree, is poor of Purse.)
His Wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds;
Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three Ladies like a luckless Play,
Takes the whole House upon the Poet's day.
Now, in such exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you must be rich indeed;
A noble superfluity it craves,
Not for yourself, but for your Fools and Knaves:
Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
If Wealth alone then make and keep us blest,

Still, still be getting, never, never rest.
But if to Pow'r and Place your passion lie,
If in the Pomp of Life consist the joy;
Then hire a Slave, or (if you will) a Lord
To do the Honours, and to give the Word;
Tell at your Levée, as the Crowds approach,
To whom to nod, whom take into your Coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
"This may be troublesome, is near the Chair:
That makes three Members, this can choose a May'r."
Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
Adopt him Son, or Cousin at the least,
Then turn about, and laugh at your own Jest.
Or if your life be one continu'd Treat,
If to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny-prey;
With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite—
So Russel did, but could not eat at night,
Call'd happy Dog! the Beggar at his door,
And envy'd Thirst and Hunger to the Poor.
Or, shall we ev'ry Decency confound,
Thro' Taverns, Stews, and Bagnios take our round,
Go dine with Chartres, in each Vice outdo
K—l's lewd Cargo, or Ty—y's Crew,
From Latian Syrens, French Circæan Feasts,
Return well travell'd, and transform'd to Beasts,
Or for a titled Punk, or foreign Flame,
Renounce our Country, and degrade our Name?
If, after all, we must with Wilmot own,
The Cordial Drop of Life is Love alone,
And SWIFT cry wisely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"
The Man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.

Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,
E'en take the Counsel which I gave you first:
Or better Precepts if you can impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

[1737]

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE

ADVERTISEMENT

"The Reflections of Horace, and the Judgments passed in his Epistle to Augustus, seemed so seasonable to the present Times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own Country. The Author thought them considerable enough to address them to his Prince, whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a Monarch upon whom the Romans depended for the Increase of an Absolute Empire. But to make the Poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the Happiness of a Free People, and are more consistent with the Welfare of our Neighbours.

"This Epistle will show the learned World to have fallen into Two mistakes: one, that Augustus was a Patron of Poets in general; whereas he not only prohibited all but the Best Writers to name him, but recommended that Care even to the Civil Magistrate: *Admonebat Prætores, ne paterentur Nomen suum obsolefieri,* etc. The other, that this Piece was only a general Discourse of Poetry; whereas it was an Apology for the Poets, in order to render Augustus more their Patron. Horace here pleads the Cause of his Contemporaries, first, against the Taste of the Town, whose humour it was to magnify the Authors of the preceding Age; secondly, against the Court and Nobility, who encouraged only the Writers for the Theatre; and lastly, against the Emperor himself, who had conceived them of little Use to the Government. He shows (by a View of the Progress of Learning and the Change of Taste among the Romans) that the Introduction of the Polite Arts of Greece had given the

Writers of his Time great advantages over their Predecessors; that their Morals were much improved, and the Licence of those ancient Poets restrained: that Satire and Comedy were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagances were left on the Stage were owing to the Ill-Taste of the Nobility; that Poets, under due Regulations, were in many respects useful to the State; and concludes that it was upon them the Emperor himself must depend for his Fame with Posterity.

"We may further learn from this Epistle, that Horace made his Court to this Great Prince by writing with a decent Freedom toward him, with a just Contempt of his low Flatterers, and with a manly Regard to his own Character."

To Augustus

WHILE you, great Patron of Mankind! sustain
The balanc'd World, and open all the Main;
Your Country, chief, in Arms abroad defend,
At home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend;
How shall the Muse, from such a Monarch, steal
An hour, and not defraud the Public weal?

Edward and Henry, now the Boast of Fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred Name,
After a Life of gen'rous Toils endur'd,
The Gaul subdu'd, or Property secur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty Cities storm'd,
Or Laws establish'd, and the world reform'd;
Clos'd their long Glories with a sigh, to find
Th' unwilling Gratitude of base mankind!
All human Virtue, to its latest breath,
Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by death.
The great Alcides, ev'ry Labour past,
Had still this Monster to subdue at last.
Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away!

Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat,
Those Suns of Glory please not till they set.
To thee, the World its present homage pays,
The Harvest early, but mature the praise:
Great Friend of LIBERTY! in Kings a Name
Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame:
Whose Word is Truth, as sacred and rever'd,
As Heav'n's own Oracles from Altars heard.
Wonder of Kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.
Just in one instance, be it yet confest
Your People, Sir, are partial in the rest:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And Advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the rust we value, not the gold.
Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton Heads of houses quote:
One likes no language but the Fairy Queen;
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green:
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.
Tho' justly Greece her eldest sons admires,
Why should not We be wiser than our sires?
In ev'ry Public virtue we excel;
We build, we paint, we sing, we dance as well,
And learned Athens to our art must stoop,
Could she behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.
If Time improve our Wit as well as Wine,
Say at what age a Poet grows divine?
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
Who dy'd, perhaps, an hundred years ago?
End all dispute; and fix the year precise
When British bards begin t' immortalise?

"Who lasts a century can have no flaw,
I hold that Wit a Classic, good in law."
Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
And shall we deem him Ancient, right and sound,
Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety-nine, a Modern and a Dunce?
"We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
By courtesy of England, he may do."
Then, by the rule that made the Horse-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt down Ancients like a heap of snow:
While you, to measure merits, look in Stowe,
And estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a Garland only on a Bier.
Shakespeare (whom you and ev'ry Play-house bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew Immortal in his own despite.
Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.
Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His Moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric Art,
But still I love the language of his heart.
"Yet surely, surely, these were famous men!
What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?
In all debates where Critics bear a part,
Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's Art,
Of Shakespeare's Nature, and of Cowley's Wit;
How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher writ;
How Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow;
But, for the Passions, Southern sure and Rowe.
These, only these, support the crowded stage,
From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age."

All this may be; the People's Voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
To Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
Or say our Fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I say, the Public is a fool.
But let them own, that greater Faults than we
They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree.
Spenser himself affects the Obsolete,
And Sidney's verse halts ill on Roman feet:
Milton's strong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,
Now Serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground,
In Quibbles, Angel and Archangel join,
And God the Father turns a School-divine.
Not that I'd lop the Beauties from his book,
Like slashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook,
Or damn all Shakespeare, like th' affected Fool
At court, who hates whate'er he read at school.
But for the Wits of either Charles's days,
The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Ease;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er)
One Simile, that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or lengthen'd Thought that gleams through many a page,
Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age.
I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censur'd, not as bad but new;
While if our Elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but Applause.
On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
If I but ask, if any weed can grow;
One Tragic sentence if I dare deride,

Which Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
(Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of Names)
How will our Fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear, all shame is lost in George's Age!
You'd think no Fools disgrac'd the former reign,
Did not some grave Examples yet remain,
Who scorn a Lad should teach his father skill,
And, having once been wrong, will be so still.
He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
Extols old Bards, or Merlin's Prophecy,
Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
And to debase the Sons, exalts the Sires.
Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
By learn'd Critics, of the mighty Dead?
In Days of Ease, when now the weary Sword
Was sheath'd, and *Luxury* with *Charles* restor'd;
In ev'ry taste of foreign Courts improv'd,
"All, by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd."
Then Peers grew proud in Horsemanship t' excel,
Newmarket's Glory rose, as Britain's fell;
The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France,
And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.
Then Marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
And yielding Metal flow'd to human form:
Lely on animated Canvas stole
The sleepy Eye, that spoke the melting soul.
No wonder then, when all was Love and Sport,
The willing Muses were debauch'd at Court:
On each enervate string they taught the note
To pant, or tremble thro' an Eunuch's throat.
But Britain, changeful as a Child at play,

Now calls in Princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for Pleasure, now for Church and State;
Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws;
Effects unhappy! from a Noble Cause.
  Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,
Instruct his Family in ev'ry rule,
And send his Wife to church, his Son to school.
To worship like his Fathers, was his care;
To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir:
To prove, that Luxury could never hold;
And place, on good Security, his Gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one Poetic Itch
Has seiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich:
Sons, Sires, and Grandsires, all will wear the bays,
Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,
To Theatres, and to Rehearsals throng,
And all our Grace at table is a Song.
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, lie,
Not ——'s self e'er tells more *Fibs* than I;
When sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,
And promise our best Friends to rhyme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging fit
And call for pen and ink to show our Wit.
  He serv'd a 'Prenticeship, who sets up shop;
Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;
Ev'n Radcliffe's Doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile)
But those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.
  Yet, Sir, reflect, the mischief is not great;

These Madmen never hurt the Church or State:
Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind;
And rarely Av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his plaything of a Pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
Flight of Cashiers, or Mobs, he'll never mind;
And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.
To cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his Garden and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect Hermit in his diet.

Of little use the Man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose;
Yet let me show, a Poet's of some weight,
And (tho' no Soldier) useful to the State.
What will a Child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a Foreigner the tongue?
What's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace.
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some Monster of a King;
Or Virtue or Religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd, or unbelieving Court.
Unhappy Dryden!—in all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse some Courtly stains)
No whiter page than Addison remains.
He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the Passions on the side of Truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human Virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cause,
Her Trade supported, and supplied her Laws;
And leave on SWIFT this grateful verse engrav'd,

"The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet sav'd."
Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure,
Stretch'd to relieve the Idiot and the Poor,
Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,
And stretch the Ray to Ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with Psalms:
The Boys and Girls whom charity maintains,
Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
How could Devotion touch the country pews,
Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper Muse?
Verse cheers their leisure, Verse assists their work,
Verse prays for Peace, or sings down Pope and Turk.
The silenc'd Preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain;
The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,
And Heav'n is won by Violence of Song.

Our rural Ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain:
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd every brow, and open'd every soul:
With growing years the pleasing Licence grew,
And Taunts alternate innocently flew.
But Times corrupt, and Nature ill-inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left a sting behind;
Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant Malice rag'd through private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to Law, and Justice lent her arm.
At length, by wholesome dread of statutes bound,

The Poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:
Most warp'd to flatt'ry's side; but some, more nice,
Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice.
Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with Morals what it hurts with Wit.
We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's charms;
Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms;
Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and Numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic March, and Energy divine.
Tho' still some traces of our rustic vein
And splay-foot verse remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tir'd Nation breath'd from civil war.
Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Show'd us that France had something to admire.
Not but the Tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakespeare, fair in Otway shone:
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
And fluent Shakespeare scarce effac'd a line.
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest Art, the Art to blot.
Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire
The humbler Muse of Comedy require.
But in known Images of life, I guess
The labour greater, as th' indulgence less.
Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed:
Tell me if Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed?
What pert, low Dialogue has Farquhar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
The stage how loosely does Astræa tread,
Who fairly puts all Characters to bed!

And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinky eat with vast applause!
But fill their purse, our Poets' work is done,
Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun.
O you! whom Vanity's light bark conveys
On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!
Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.
There still remains, to mortify a Wit,
The many-headed Monster of the Pit;
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd;
Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the Farce, the Bear, or the Black-joke.
What dear delight to Britons Farce affords!
Ever the taste of Mobs, but now of Lords;
(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes).
The Play stands still; damn action and discourse,
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, Heralds, Bishops, Ermine, Gold and Lawn;
The Champion, too! and, to complete the jest,
Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast.
With laughter sure Democritus had dy'd,
Had he beheld an Audience gape so wide.
Let Bear or Elephant be e'er so white,
The people, sure, the people are the sight!
Ah luckless Poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That Bear or Elephant shall heed thee more;

While all its throats the Gallery extends,
And all the Thunder of the Pit ascends!
Loud as the Wolves, on Orcas' stormy steep,
Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.
Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat;
Or when from Court a birthday suit bestow'd,
Sinks the lost Actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters—hark! the Universal peal!
"But has he spoken?" Not a syllable.
What shook the stage, and made the people stare?
Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.
Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly Arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,
To know the Poet from the Man of rhymes:
'Tis he, who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each Passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic Art,
With Pity and with Terror, tear my heart;
And snatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
But not this part of the Poetic state
Alone, deserves the favour of the Great:
Think of those Authors, Sir, who would rely
More on a Reader's sense, than Gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?
How shall we fill a Library with Wit,
When Merlin's Cave is half unfurnish'd yet?
My Liege! why Writers little claim your thought
I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
We Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd:

The season, when to come, and when to go,
To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You lose your patience, just like other men.
Then too we hurt ourselves, when to defend
A single verse, we quarrel with a friend;
Repeat unask'd; lament, the Wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
But most, when straining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write Epistles to the King;
And from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place, or pension from the Crown;
Or dubb'd Historians by express command,
T' enrol your triumphs o'er the seas and land,
Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,
As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine.

Yet think, great Sir! (so many Virtues shown)
Ah think, what Poet best may make them known?
Or choose at least some Minister of Grace,
Fit to bestow the Laureate's weighty place.

Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed;
So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:
But Kings in Wit may want discerning Spirit.
The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles;
Which made old Ben and surly Dennis swear,
"No Lord's anointed, but a Russian Bear."

Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
The Forms august, of king, or conqu'ring Chief,
E'er swell'd on marble; as in verse have shin'd
(In polish'd verse) the Manners and the Mind.

Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your Arms, your Actions, your Repose to sing!
What seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
How barb'rous rage subsided at your word,
And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep;
'Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And Asia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—
But Verse alas! your Majesty disdains;
And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains:
The Zeal of Fools offends at any time,
But most of all, the Zeal of Fools in rhyme.
Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praise, they say I bite.
A vile Encomium doubly ridicules:
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a woeful likeness; and if lies,
"Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise":
Well may he blush, who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)
Clothe spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

[1737]

THE SECOND EPISTLE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE

Dear Col'nel, Cobham's and your country's Friend!
You love a Verse, take such as I can send.
A Frenchman comes, presents you with his Boy,

Bows and begins—"This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:
Observe his shape how clean! his locks how curl'd!
My only son, I'd have him see the world:
His French is pure; his Voice too—you shall hear.
Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pounds a year.
Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
Your Barber, Cook, Upholst'rer, what you please:
A perfect genius at an Op'ra song—
To say too much, might do my honour wrong.
Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
His whole ambition was to serve a Lord;
But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part?
Tho' faith, I fear, 'twill break his Mother's heart.
Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
(Could you o'erlook but that) it is, to steal."
If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
Could you complain, my Friend, he prov'd so bad?
Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit;
Who sent the Thief that stole the Cash away,
And punish'd him that put it in his way.
Consider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you when I went, I could not write;
You said the same; and are you discontent
With Laws, to which you gave your own assent?
Nay worse, to ask for Verse at such a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?
In Anna's Wars, a Soldier poor and old,
Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold:
Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night,
He slept, poor dog! and lost it, to a doit.
This put the man in such a desp'rate mind,

Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a Castle-wall,
Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.
"Prodigious well!" his great Commander cry'd,
Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
Next pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter;
(His name I know not, and 'tis no great matter)
"Go on, my Friend (he cry'd), see yonder walls!
Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
More Honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
Don't you remember what reply he gave?
"D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, such a Sot?
Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."
  Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.
Besides, my Father taught me from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad:
(And little sure imported to remove,
To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
But knottier points we knew not half so well,
Depriv'd us soon of our paternal Cell;
And certain Laws, by suff'rers thought unjust,
Deny'd all posts of profit or of trust:
Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,
While mighty WILLIAM's thund'ring arm prevail'd.
For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me, the Muses help'd to undergo it;
Convict a Papist he, and I a Poet.
But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,
If I would scribble, rather than repose.

Years foll'wing years, steal something ev'ry day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away;
In one our Frolics, one Amusements end,
In one a Mistress drops, in one a Friend:
This subtle Thief of life, this paltry Time,
What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme?
If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd Mill,
That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still?
But after all, what would you have me do?
When out of twenty I can please not two;
When this Heroics only deigns to praise,
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the Pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg;
Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests,
When Oldfield loves, what Dartineuf detests.
But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme; can London be the place?
Who there his Muse, or self, or soul attends,
In crowds and courts, law, business, feasts, and friends?
My counsel sends to execute a deed:
A Poet begs me, I will hear him read:
In Palace Yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsb'ry Square—
Before the Lords at twelve my Cause comes on—
There's a Rehearsal, Sir, exact at one.—
"Oh but a Wit can study in the streets,
"And raise his mind above the mob he meets."
Not quite so well however as one ought;
A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
Two Aldermen dispute it with an Ass?

And Peers give away, exalted as they are,
Even to their own S-r-v--nce in a Car?
Go, lofty Poet! and in such a crowd,
Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.
Alas! to Grottoes and to Groves we run,
To ease and silence, ev'ry Muse's son:
Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's Court.
How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?
The Man, who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
To books and study gives sev'n years complete,
See! strow'd with learned dust, his night-cap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the sun!
The boys flock round him, and the people stare:
So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear,
Stept from its pedestal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors;
Shall I, in London, act this idle part?
Composing songs, for Fools to get by heart?
The Temple late two brother Serjeants saw,
Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;
With equal talents, these congenial souls,
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls;
Each had a gravity would make you split,
And shook his head at Murray, as a Wit.
'Twas, "Sir, your law"—and "Sir, your eloquence,"
"Yours, Cowper's manner—and yours Talbot's sense."
Thus we dispose of all poetic merit,
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.
Call Tibbald Shakespeare, and he'll swear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine.

Lord! how we strut thro' Merlin's Cave, to see
No poets there, but Stephen, you, and me.
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we please.
"My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains,
And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."
Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;
And much must flatter, if the whim should bite
To court applause by printing what I write:
But let the Fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough,
To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.
  In vain, bad Rhymers all mankind reject,
They treat themselves with most profound respect;
'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue,
Each prais'd within, is happy all day long;
But how severely with themselves proceed
The men, who write such Verse as we can read?
Their own strict Judges, not a word they spare,
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,
In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears,
Bright thro' the rubbish of some hundred years;
Command old words that long have slept, to wake,
Words, that wise Bacon, or brave Raleigh spake;
Or bid the new be English, ages hence,
(For Use will father what's begot by Sense)
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,

Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But show no mercy to an empty line:
Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please:
"But ease in writing flows from Art, not chance;
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance."
If such the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool;
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,
It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
There liv'd *in primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no small fool, a Lord;
Who, tho' the House was up, delighted sate,
Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate:
In all but this, a man of sober life,
Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife;
Not quite a Mad-man, tho' a pasty fell,
And much too wise to walk into a well.
Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd,
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short, they cur'd:
Whereat the gentleman began to stare—
"My Friends!" he cry'd, "pox take you for your care!
That from a Patriot of distinguish'd note,
Have bled and purg'd me to a simple Vote."
Well, on the whole, plain Prose must be my fate:
Wisdom (curse on it!) will come soon or late.
There is a time when Poets will grow dull:
I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school:
To rules of Poetry no more confin'd,
I'll learn to smooth and harmonise my Mind,
Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal measure of the Soul.

Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind resumes the thread it dropt before;
Thoughts, which at Hyde Park Corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me, in the pensive Grot.
There all alone, and compliments apart,
I ask these sober questions of my heart:
If, when the more you drink the more you crave,
You tell the Doctor; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal ease
Confess as well your Folly, as Disease?
The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
"Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice."
When golden Angels cease to cure the Evil,
You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil:
When servile Chaplains cry, that birth and place
Endue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace,
Look in that breast, most dirty D——! be fair,
Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
Yet still, not heeding what your art can teach,
You go to church to hear these Flatt'rers preach.
Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If D—— lov'd sixpence more than he.
If there be truth in Law, and Use can give
A Property that's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abbs Court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:
All Worldly hens, nay, partridge, sold to town,
His Ven'son too, a guinea makes your own:
He bought at thousands, what with better wit
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit;
Now, or long since, what diff'rence will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln Fen,
Buy ev'ry stick of wood that lends them heat,
Buy ev'ry Pullet they afford to eat.
Yet these are Wights, who fondly call their own
Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln town.
The Laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor, a Perpetuity should stand:
Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r
Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,
Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.
Man? and *for ever?* wretch! what wouldst thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vast possessions (just the same the case
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chase)
Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?
Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale,
Let rising Granaries and Temples here,
There mingled farms and pyramids appear,
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable Death shall level all,
And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.

Gold, Silver, Iv'ry, Vases sculptur'd high,
Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Persian dye,
There are who have not—and thank heav'n there are,
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

Talk what you will of Taste, my friend, you'll find
Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.
Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;
The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,
All Townshend's Turnips, and all Grosvenor's mines:

Why one like Bu—— with pay and scorn content,
Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament;
One, driv'n by strong Benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole:
Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r
Who forms the Genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us still,
Inclines our action, not constrains our will;
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual: His great End the same.
Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep.
My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
A man so poor would live without a place:
But sure no statute in his favour says,
How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days:
I, who at some times spend, at others spare,
Divided between carelessness and care.
'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store;
Another, not to heed to treasure more;
Glad, like a Boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleas'd, if sordid want be far away.
What is't to me (a passenger, God wot)
Whether my vessel be first-rate or not?
The Ship itself may make a better figure,
But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger.
I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremost, and before the last.
"But why all this of Av'rice? I have none."
I wish you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone;
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the Avarice of pow'r?

Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appal?
Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?
With terrors round, can Reason hold her throne,
Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birthday with a grateful mind?
Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end?
Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your business done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?
  Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drunk your fill:
Walk sober off; before a sprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle, with more grace and ease,
Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies please.

[1737]

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES

IN TWO DIALOGUES

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII

Dialogue I

Fr. Nor twice a twelve-month you appear in Print,
And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't.
You grow correct, that once with Rapture writ,
And are, besides, too *moral* for a Wit.
Decay of Parts, alas! we all must feel—

Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory";
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at Fools who put their trust in Peter."
But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of *Vice:*
Horace would say, Sir Billy serv'd the Crown,
Blunt could *do bus'ness,* H-ggins *knew the Town;*
In Sappho touch the *Failings of the Sex,*
In rev'rend Bishops note some *small Neglects,*
And own, the Spaniard did a *waggish thing,*
Who cropt our Ears, and sent them to the King.
His sly, polite, insinuating style
Could please at Court, and make AUGUSTUS smile:
An artful Manager, that crept between
His Friend and Shame, and was a kind of *Screen.*
But 'faith your very Friends will soon be sore;
Patriots there are, who wish you'd jest no more—
And where's the Glory? 'twill be only thought
The Great man never offer'd you a groat.
Go see Sir ROBERT!—

P. See Sir ROBERT!—hum—
And never laugh—for all my life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of Social Pleasure, ill-exchang'd for Pow'r;
Seen him, uncumber'd with a Venal tribe,
Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out.

F. Why yes: with *Scripture* still you may be free;
A Horse-laugh, if you please, at *Honesty;*

A joke on JEKYL, or some odd *old Whig*
Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig:
A Patriot is a Fool in ev'ry age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage:
These nothing hurts; they keep their Fashion still,
And wear their strange old Virtue, as they will.
If any ask you, "Who's the Man, so near
His Prince, that writes in Verse, and has his ear?"
Why, answer, LYTTELTON, and I'll engage
The worthy Youth shall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his Verses vile, his Whisper base,
You'd quickly find him in Lord *Fanny's* case.
Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest FLEURY,
But well may put some Statesmen in a fury.
Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your Friends, and, if your Friends are sore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To Vice and Folly to confine the jest,
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest;
Did not the Sneer of more impartial men
At Sense and Virtue, balance all agen.
Judicious Wits spread wide the Ridicule,
And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.
P. Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth:
Adieu Distinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth!
Come, harmless Characters that no one hit;
Come, Henley's Oratory, Osborne's Wit!
The Honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The Flow'rs of Bubo, and the Flow of Y—ng!
The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,
And all the well-whipt Cream of Courtly Sense,

That First was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once agen.
O come, that easy, Ciceronian style,
So Latin, yet so English all the while,
As, tho' the Pride of Middleton and Bland,
All Boys may read, and Girls may understand!
Then might I sing, without the least offence,
And all I sung should be the *Nation's Sense;*
Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
Hang the sad Verse on CAROLINA's Urn,
And hail her passage to the Realms of Rest,
All Parts perform'd and *all* her Children blest!
So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
No *Gazetteer* more innocent than I—
And let, a God's-name, ev'ry Fool and Knave
Be grac'd thro' Life, and flatter'd in his Grave.
F. Why so? if Satire knows its Time and Place,
You still may lash the greatest—in Disgrace:
For Merit will by turns forsake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all Satire in all Changes spare
Immortal S—k, and grave De—re.
Silent and soft, as Saints remove to Heav'n,
All Tyes dissolv'd, and ev'ry Sin forgiv'n,
These may some gentle ministerial Wing
Receive, and place for ever near a King!
There, where no Passion, Pride, or Shame transport,
Lull'd with the sweet Nepenthe of a Court;
There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friend's disgrace
Once break their rest, or stir them from their Place:
But past the Sense of human Miseries,
All Tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,

Save when they lose a Question, or a Job.
P. Good Heav'n forbid, that I should blast their glory,
Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory,
And when three Sov'reigns dy'd, could scarce be vext,
Consid'ring what a *gracious Prince* was next.
Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings;
And at a Peer, or Peeress, shall I fret,
Who starves a Sister, or forswears a Debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
But shall the Dignity of *Vice* be lost?
Ye Gods! shall Cibber's Son, without rebuke,
Swear like a Lord, or Rich outwhore a Duke?
A Fav'rite's Porter with his Master vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw Contracts with a Statesman's skill?
Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a Will?
Is it for Bond, or Peter (paltry things),
To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like Kings?
If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,
And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran!
But shall a Printer, weary of his life,
Learn, from their Books, to hang himself and Wife?
This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;
Vice thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care:
This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,
And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on Gin.
Let modest FOSTER, if he will, excel
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;
A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,
Out-do Landaff in Doctrine,—yea, in Life:
Let humble ALLEN, with an awkward Shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame.

Virtue may chuse the high or low Degree,
'Tis just alike to Virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
She's still the same, belov'd, contented thing.
Vice is undone, if she forgets her Birth,
And stoops from Angels to the Dregs of Earth:
But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a Whore;
Let *Greatness* own her, and she's mean no more,
Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confess,
Chaste Matrons praise her, and grave Bishops bless;
In golden Chains the willing World she draws,
And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws,
Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead.
Lo! at the wheels of her Triumphal Car,
Old England's Genius, rough with many a Scar,
Dragg'd in the dust; his arms hang idly round,
His Flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our Youth, all liv'ryd o'er with foreign Gold,
Before her dance: behind her, crawl the Old!
See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,
And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!
Hear her black Trumpet thro' the Land proclaim,
That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME!
In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,
'Tis Av'rice all, Ambition is no more!
See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!
See, all our Fools aspiring to be Knaves!
The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,
Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
At Crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the Law:
While Truth, Worth, Wisdom, daily they decry—
"Nothing is Sacred now but Villainy."

Yet may this Verse (if such a Verse remain)
Show, there was one who held it in disdain.

Dialogue II

Fr. 'Tis all a Libel—Paxton (Sir) will say.
P. Not yet, my Friend! to-morrow 'faith it may;
And for that very cause I print to-day.
How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line,
In rev'rence to the Sins of *Thirty-nine!*
Vice with such Giant strides comes on amain,
Invention strives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
Some rising Genius sins up to my Song.
F. Yet none but you by Name the guilty lash;
Ev'n Guthry saves half Newgate by a Dash.
Spare then the Person, and expose the Vice.
P. How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?
Come on then, Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and souse on all the kind.
Ye Statesmen, Priests, of one Religion all!
Ye Tradesmen vile, in Army, Court, or Hall!
Ye Rev'rend Atheists. *F.* Scandal! name them! Who?
P. Why, that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who starv'd a sister, who forswore a Debt,
I never nam'd; the Town's inquiring yet.
The pois'ning Dame—*F.* You mean—*P.* I don't—
F. You do.
P. See, now I keep the Secret, and not you!
The bribing Statesman—*F.* Hold, too high you go.
P. The brib'd Elector—*F.* There you stoop too low.
P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what;

Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?
Must great Offenders, once escap'd the Crown,
Like Royal Harts, be never more run down?
Admit your Law to spare the Knight requires,
As Beasts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?
Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a Bishop, may I name a Dean?
F. A Dean, Sir? no: his Fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's rising in the Trade.
P. If not the Tradesman who set up to-day,
Much less the 'Prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a Realm be spoil'd,
Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched *Wild;*
Or, if a Court or Country's made a job,
Go drench a Pickpocket, and join the Mob.
But, Sir, I beg you (for the Love of Vice!),
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;
Have you less pity for the needy Cheat,
The poor and friendless Villain, than the Great?
Alas! the small Discredit of a Bribe
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.
Then better sure it Charity becomes
To tax Directors, who (thank God) have Plums;
Still better, Ministers; or, if the thing
May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a King.
F. Stop! stop!
P. Must Satire, then, nor rise nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all.
F. Yes, strike that *Wild,* I'll justify the blow.
P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
Who now that obsolete Example fears?
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.
F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,

You make men desp'rate, if they once are bad:
Else might he take to Virtue some years hence—
P. As S——k, if he lives, will love the PRINCE.
F. Strange spleen to S——k!
P. Do I wrong the Man?
God knows, I praise a Courtier where I can.
When I confess, there is who feels for Fame,
And melts to goodness, need I SCARB'ROW name?
Pleas'd, let me own, in *Esher's* peaceful Grove
(Where *Kent* and Nature vie for PELHAM's Love),
The Scene, the Master, opening to my view,
I sit and dream I see my CRAGGS anew!
Ev'n in a Bishop I can spy Desert;
Secker is decent, *Rundle* has a Heart,
Manners with Candour are to *Benson* giv'n,
To *Berk'ley,* ev'ry Virtue under Heav'n.
But does the Court a worthy Man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my Love:
I shun his Zenith, court his mild Decline;
Thus SOMERS once and HALIFAX, were mine.
Oft, in the clear, still Mirror of Retreat,
I study'd SHREWSBURY, the wise and great:
CARLETON's calm sense, and STANHOPE's noble flame,
Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous End the same:
How pleasing ATTERBURY's softer hour!
How shin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r!
How can I PULT'NEY, CHESTERFIELD, forget
While Roman Spirit charms, and Attic Wit?
ARGYLL, the State's whole Thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the Senate and the Field:
Or WYNDHAM, just to Freedom and the Throne,
The Master of our Passions, and his own?
Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,

Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their Train;
And if yet higher the proud List should end,
Still let me say,—No follower, but a Friend.
Yet think not, Friendship only prompts my lays;
I follow *Virtue;* where she shines, I praise:
Point she to Priest or Elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's Beaver cast a Glory.
I never (to my sorrow I declare)
Din'd with the MAN of Ross, or my LORD MAY'R.
Some, in their choice of Friends (nay, look not grave)
Have still a secret Bias to a Knave:
To find an honest man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.
F. Then why so few commended?
P. Not so fierce;
Find you the Virtue, and I'll find the Verse.
But random Praise—the task can ne'er be done;
Each Mother asks it for her booby Son,
Each Widow asks it for *the Best of Men,*
For him she weeps, and him she weds agen.
Praise cannot stoop, like Satire, to the ground;
The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the Greatest of these days,
To 'scape my Censure, not expect my Praise.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend?
What RICH'LIEU wanted, LOUIS scarce could gain,
And what young AMMON wish'd, but wish'd in vain.
No pow'r the Muse's Friendship can command;
No pow'r, when Virtue claims it, can withstand:
To *Cato, Virgil* pay'd one honest line;

O let my Country's Friends illumine mine!
—What are you thinking?
F. Faith the thought's no sin:
I think your Friends are out, and would be in.
P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is strangely round about.
F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?
P. I only call those Knaves who are so now.
Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of ARNALL! aid me while I lie.
COBHAM'S a Coward, POLWARTH is a slave,
And LYTTELTON a dark designing Knave,
ST. JOHN has ever been a wealthy Fool—
But let me add, SIR ROBERT'S mighty dull,
Has never made a Friend in private life,
And was, besides, a Tyrant to his Wife.
But, pray, when others praise him, do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name?
Why rail they then, if but a Wreath of mine,
Oh All-accomplish'd ST. JOHN! deck thy shrine?
What? shall each spur-gall'd hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double Pots and Pay,
Or each new-pension'd Sycophant, pretend
To break my Windows if I treat a Friend?
Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my Guest at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure, if I spare the Minister, no rules
Of Honour bind me, not to maul his Tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said
His Saws are toothless, and his Hatchet's Lead.
It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day,
To see a Footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,
Knew one a Man of Honour, one a Knave;

The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,
And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the rest:
Which not at present having time to do—
F. Hold Sir! for God's-sake where's th' Affront to you?
Against your worship when had S——k writ?
Or P—ge pour'd forth the Torrent of his Wit?
Or grant the Bard whose distich all commend
(*In pow'r a Servant, out of pow'r a friend*)
To W——le guilty of some venial sin;
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?
The Priest whose Flattery bedropt the Crown,
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the Gown.
And how did, pray, the florid Youth offend,
Whose Speech you took, and gave it to a Friend?
P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
Since the whole House did afterwards the same.
Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford supply,
As Hog to Hog in huts of Westphaly;
If one, thro' Nature's Bounty or his Lord's,
Has what the frugal, dirty soil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a mess almost as it came in;
The blessed benefit, nor there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;
From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse:
The last full fairly gives it to the *House*.
F. This filthy simile, this beastly line,
Quite turns my stomach— *P.* So does Flatt'ry mine;
And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.
But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read,

In all the courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
But Pens can forge, my Friend, that cannot write;
And must no Egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Because the Deed he forg'd was not my own?
Must never Patriot then declaim at Gin,
Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous Pastor blame a failing Spouse,
Without a staring Reason on his brows?
And each Blasphemer quite escape the rod,
Because the insult's not on Man, but God?
  Ask you what Provocation I have had?
The strong Antipathy of Good to Bad.
When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,
Th' Affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours.
Mine, as a Foe profess'd to false Pretence,
Who think a Coxcomb's Honour like his Sense;
Mine, as a Friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
And mine as Man, who feel for all mankind.
  F. You're strangely proud.
    P. So proud, I am no slave:
So impudent, I own myself no Knave:
So odd, my Country's Ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.
  O sacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole Dread of Folly, Vice, and Insolence!
To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide:
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal;
To rouse the Watchmen of the public Weal,
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his Stall.

Ye tinsel Insects! whom a Court maintains,
That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,
Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day!
The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings.
All, all but Truth, drop dead-born from the Press,
Like the last Gazette, or the last Address.
When black Ambition stains a public Cause,
A monarch's sword when mad Vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's Wreath can hide the Nation's Scar,
Not Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.
Not so, when, diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from *Virtue's* Shrine,
Her Priestess Muse forbids the Good to die,
And opes the Temple of *Eternity*.
There, other Trophies deck the truly brave,
Than such as Anstis casts into the Grave;
Far other Stars than * and * * wear,
And may descend to Mordington from STAIR
(Such as on HOUGH's unsully'd Mitre shine,
Or beam, good DIGBY, from a heart like thine):
Let *Envy* howl, while Heav'n's whole Chorus sings,
And bark at Honour not conferr'd by Kings;
Let *Flatt'ry* sickening see the Incense rise,
Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies:
Truth guards the Poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, Verse as mean as mine.
Yes, the last Pen for Freedom let me draw,
When Truth stands trembling on the edge of Law;
Here, Last of Britons! let your Names be read;
Are none, none living? let me praise the Dead,

And for that Cause which made your Fathers shine,
Fall by the Votes of their degen'rate Line.
F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more *Essays on Man.*

CONCLUSION OF *THE DUNCIAD*

In vain, in vain—the all-composing Hour
Resistless falls: the Muse obeys the Pow'r.
She comes! she comes! the sable Throne behold
Of *Night* primeval and of *Chaos* old!
Before her, *Fancy's* gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying Rainbows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes by Hermes' wand opprest,
Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after *Art* goes out, and all is Night.
See skulking *Truth* to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of *Metaphysic* begs defence,
And *Metaphysic* calls for aid on *Sense!*
See *Mystery* to *Mathematics* fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
And unawares *Morality* expires.
For *Public* Flame, nor *Private,* dares to shine;
Nor *human* Spark is left, nor Glimpse *Divine!*

Lo! thy dread Empire, CHAOS! is restor'd;
Light dies before thy uncreating word;
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,
And universal Darkness buries All.

NOTES TO THE POEMS

ODE ON SOLITUDE

"This was a very early production of our author, written at about twelve years old."—*Pope.*

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM

"The Essay on Criticism is a poem of that species for which our author's genius was particularly turned,—the didactic and moral. . . . We are, indeed, amazed to find such a knowledge of the world, such a maturity of judgment, and such a penetration into human nature, as are here displayed, in so very young a writer as was Pope when he produced this Essay, for he was not twenty years old. . . . When we consider the just taste, the strong sense, the knowledge of men, books, and opinions that are so predominant in the Essay on Criticism, we must readily agree to place the author among the first critics, though not, as Dr. Johnson says, 'among the first poets,' on this account alone. As a poet he must rank much higher for his Eloisa and Rape of the Lock."—*Warton.*

Essays on the art of poetry had been written in verse, in antiquity by Horace, in the Renaissance by Vida, in the seventeenth century by Boileau and others. Pope, however, discussed the art of poetry from the point of view, not of the artist, but of the reading public. He lived in an age when every gentleman desired to be, and was expected to be, a discriminating judge of literature. Ability to discuss poetry, with wit and sense, was a valuable social accomplishment.

328. Fungoso. A character in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour.*

374. Timotheus' varied lays. See *Alexander's Feast,* Dryden's ode in celebration of the power of music.

445. Duck-lane. "A place where old and second-hand books were sold formerly, near Smithfield."—*Pope.*

585. "This picture was taken to himself by John Dennis, a furious old critic by profession, who, upon no other provocation, wrote against this essay and its author, in a manner perfectly lunatic: for, as to the mention made of him in v. 270, he took it as a compliment, and said it was treacherously meant to cause him to overlook this *abuse* of his *person.*"—*Pope.*

619. "A common slander at that time in prejudice of that deserving author. Our poet did him this justice, when that slander most prevailed; and it is now (perhaps the sooner for this very verse) dead and forgotten."—*Pope.*

723. An *Essay on Poetry* by the Duke of Buckingham.

725. An *Essay on Translated Verse* by Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon.

729. William Walsh, born 1663, died 1709, a mediocre poet, but a friend to the youthful Pope. It was he who used to tell Pope that England had had many great poets, but not one who was correct; and he therefore advised Pope to aim at correctness.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

In the vicinity of Windsor there were a number of Catholic families, with which Pope and his parents, being Catholics, formed social relations. To these families belonged the characters of this poem. Lord Petre stole a lock of Miss Fermor's hair, and an unpleasantness between the families ensued. John Caryll, also of an ancient Catholic family, suggested to Pope that he treat the incident in mock-heroic verse, with the purpose of laughing the unpleasantness away. Pope told his friend Spence many years later that the poem "had its effect in the two families. Nobody but Sir George Brown was angry, and he was a good deal so, and for a long time. He could not bear that Sir Plume should talk nothing but nonsense."

"The Rape of the Lock is the best or most ingenious of Pope's works. It is the most exquisite specimen of *filigree* work ever invented. It is admirable in proportion as it is made of nothing.

> 'More subtle web Arachne cannot spin,
> Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see
> Of scorched dew, do not in th' air more lightly flee.'
>
> *Faerie Qucene,* II, xii, 77.

"It is made of gauze and silver spangles. The most glittering appearance is given to every thing, to paste, pomatum, billet-doux, and patches. Airs, languid airs, breathe around;—the atmosphere is perfumed with affectation. A toilette is described with the solemnity of an altar raised to the goddess of vanity, and the history of a silver bodkin is given with all the pomp of heraldry. No pains are spared, no profusion of ornament, no splendour of poetic diction, to set off the meanest things. The balance between the concealed irony and the assumed gravity, is as nicely trimmed as the balance of power in Europe. The little is made great, and the great little. You hardly know whether to laugh or weep. It is the triumph of insignificance, the apotheosis of foppery and folly. It is the perfection of the mock-heroic!"—*Hazlitt.*

ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY

The identity of the unfortunate lady of this poem has remained a mystery. Probably she was fictitious. Pope had warmly espoused the cause of Mrs. Weston, sister of the first Viscount Gage, of an ancient Suffolk Catholic family; she separated from her husband soon after marriage, but she did not commit suicide and her case is otherwise not parallel to the story of this poem.

"Que le coeur de Pope sentait avec autant de liberté que son esprit pensait, cette élégie le prouve. Il y a devancé sur le sujet du suicide les sentiments, les révoltes, les paradoxes même, si vous voulez, que la littérature moderne, depuis Goethe et Rousseau, nous a rendus familiers. Malgré l'extrême unité de style de cette pièce, il n'y a pas un romantique moderne qui n'eût pu y retrouver quelque chose de sa ressemblance. Le sentiment général pourrait être de George Sand dans sa première et plus éloquente période. Tout le début de la pièce, la vision, l'interrogation aux puissances suprêmes, pourrait être de Shelley, car il y règne ce ton d'aristocratisme platonicien qui lui fait prodiguer les beaux mépris aux tyrannies vulgaires d'ici-bas, et les superbes images des vies inutiles assimilées aux lampes sépulcrales, des âmes indolentes assimilées aux rois d'Orient prisonniers dans leurs palais, sont entièrement dans le goût de celles dont fourmillent *la Reine Mab et Alastor.* La

malédiction pourrait être de lord Byron, dont elle a l'accent vengeur."—*Montégut.*

ELOÏSA TO ABELARD

"Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century; they were two of the most distinguished Persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired, each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a Friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloïsa. This awakening all her Tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion."—*Pope.*

"Il est certain que Pope comprend tout, absolument tout, des choses de l'amour, depuis les plus triviales jusqu'aux plus hautes. Sur ce sujet, quand il est enjoué, son imagination est libertine avec délices, et quand il est sérieux, son âme est passionnée avec emportement. Et il exprime ces choses avec autant de finesse et de force qu'il les sent, sans pruderie, sans réticences, sans hypocrisie de langage, pensant sans doute avec Montaigne qu'il n'est pas d'un esprit ferme et sain de n'oser parler qu'entre les dents du plus universel de nos sentiments. . . . Ce qui nous étonne après lecture répétée, c'est que cette oeuvre ne soit pas plus célèbre qu'elle ne l'est, car ce n'est pas seulement une des expressions les plus fortes de la passion qui aient été données, c'est la seule qui existe de l'amour absolu. Toutes les autres peintures sont partielles: amour du coeur, amour de l'âme, amour des sens; celle-là seule comprend toutes ces variétés et les dépasse encore."—*Montégut.*

PROLOGUE TO *CATO*

Addison's play, *Cato, w*as produced in 1713, just after the conclusion of the Peace of Utrecht. The play was borne to success on the wave of the political excitement of the moment, Whigs and Tories vying with one another in applause, each side desirous of claiming for its own the patriot portrayed in the play. Addison disavowed any partisan purpose, and

Pope's Prologue has no political significance. In spite of the esteem Pope expresses for Addison here, the two men were never close friends, and their quarrels culminated in Pope's finest satirical portrait, the lines on Atticus in the *Epistle to Arbuthnot.*

AN ESSAY ON MAN

To the *Essay on Man* Pope prefixed the following "Design":

Having proposed to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) *come* home to *Men's business and Bosoms,* I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering *Man* in the abstract, his *Nature* and his *State;* since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpose* of its *being.*

The science of Human Nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a *few clear points:* There are *not many certain truths* in this world. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the mind as in that of the Body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformation and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The *disputes* are all upon these last, and, I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the *wits* than the *hearts* of men against each other, and have diminished the practice, more than advanced the theory of Morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a *temperate* yet not *inconsistent,* and a *short* yet not *imperfect* system of Ethics.

This I might have done in prose, but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards: The other may seem odd, but it is true, I found I could express them more *shortly* this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the *force* as well as *grace* of arguments or instructions, depends

on their *conciseness.* I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in *detail,* without becoming dry and tedious; or more *poetically,* without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain or reasoning: If any man unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a *general Map* of *Man,* and marking out no more than the *greater parts,* their *extent,* their *limits,* and their *connection,* and leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently, these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the *fountains,* and clearing the passage. To deduce the *rivers,* to follow them in their course, and to observe effects, may be a task more agreeable.

"The Essay on Man was a work of great labour and long consideration, but certainly not the happiest of Pope's performances. The subject is perhaps not very proper for poetry, and the poet was not sufficiently master of his subject; metaphysical morality was to him a new study, he was proud of his acquisitions, and, supposing himself master of great secrets, was in haste to teach what he had not learned."—*Johnson.*

"Un vrai chef-d'oeuvre, non-seulement pour la forme, qui est absolument exquise, mais pour le fond des doctrines, qui sont beaucoup plus fortes et plus neuves que ne l'ont cru Samuel Johnson et d'autres critiques à sa suite. C'est la seule oeuvre poétique que je connaisse où le pessimisme des faits aboutisse à des conclusions optimistes, et cela naturellement, naïvement; si le poète n'est pas sans erreurs, il est au moins sans sophismes."—*Montégut.*

Henry St. John (1678–1751), created Viscount Bolingbroke and Baron St. John in 1712, had entered parliament in 1701 and soon attained a leading position among the Tories. He was regarded as one of the most consummate orators of all time. With Harley, created Earl of Oxford, he dominated the Tory ministry from 1710 to 1714, when the ministry fell with the death of Queen Anne. During these years was formed the intimate friendship of the group of Tory wits, which included St. John, Swift, Pope, Prior, Arbuthnot, Atterbury and others.

Being threatened with prosecution for treason, he fled to France in 1715, and remained for years an exile. He was permitted to return to England in 1723 and enjoy his property. From 1725 to 1735 he resided near Twickenham, the home of Pope. He was a man of brilliant audacity both in politics and philosophy, but lacked depth of thought and integrity of character. "The national instinct," says Ward, "was sure enough to recognise his philosophy as dangerous, and his patriotism as rotten."

"In the conclusion," says Dr. Johnson, "it is sufficiently acknowledged that the doctrine of the Essay on Man was received from Bolingbroke, who is said to have ridiculed Pope, among those who enjoyed his confidence, as having adopted and advanced principles of which he did not perceive the consequence, and as blindly propagating opinions contrary to his own. That those communications had been consolidated into a scheme regularly drawn, and delivered to Pope, from whom it returned only transformed from prose to verse, has been reported, but can hardly be true. The Essay plainly appears the fabric of a poet: what Bolingbroke supplied could be only the first principles; the order, illustration, and embellishments must all be Pope's."

In 1737 a Swiss philosopher, Crousaz, published a little volume on Pope's *Essay,* in which he accused the poet of inconsistencies, fatalism, and irreligion. Pope became alarmed, but found assistance in Warburton, a clergyman then coming into notice, later a bishop. Warburton wrote a rather strained commentary defending the orthodoxy of the poem, and his interpretation was accepted by Pope as being also his own. The public was probably not deluded; but Warburton was an able writer and loved a good fight, and the poet enjoyed his peace without extended controversy.

Epistle III, 68. "Several of the ancients, and many of the Orientals since, esteemed those who were struck by lightning as sacred persons, and the particular favourites of Heaven." —*Pope*

Epistle IV, 99. Falkland. Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, died at the age of 33 in the battle of Newbury, 1643. He deserves to be mentioned along with Sidney for the nobility of his character as well as for the pathos of his early death.

100. Turenne. Marshal of France, killed by a cannon ball near Salzbach in Baden in 1675.

107. **Marseille's good bishop.** "M. de Belsance was made bishop of Marseilles in 1709. In the plague of that city, in the year 1720, he distinguished himself by his zeal and activity, being the pastor, the physician, and the magistrate of his flock whilst that horrid calamity prevailed."—*Warburton.*

In a letter to Pope on May 12, 1735, Swift wrote: "I believe your prayers will do me more good than those of all the Prelates in both kingdoms, or any Prelates in Europe except the Bishop of Marseilles."

110. "The mother of the author, a person of great piety and charity, died the year this poem was finished, viz. 1733."—*Warburton.*

126. **blameless Bethel.** Hugh Bethel, to whom the *Imitation of the Second Satire of the Second Book of Horace* is addressed. He suffered from asthma.

220. Pope referred, without much discrimination, to Alexander the Great and Charles XII of Sweden.

278. *Lord Umbra* and *Sir Billy* are mentioned again in the *Epistle to Arbuthnot,* line 280.

298–308. An allusion to the Duke of Marlborough, who brilliantly commanded the English armies from 1703 to 1710. The Duchess is portrayed by Pope in *Moral Essays,* Epistle ii, lines 115–150.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

"Concerning this poem, it may be proper to observe, that some passages, in the preceding *Essay,* having been unjustly suspected of a tendency towards Fate and *Naturalism,* the author composed this Prayer as the sum of all, to shew that his system was founded in *free-will,* and terminated in piety: That the First Cause was as well the Lord and Governor of the Universe as the Creator of it; and that, by submission to his will (the great Principle inforced throughout the *Essay*) was not meant the suffering ourselves to be carried along with a blind determination: but a religious acquiescence, and confidence, full of *Hope* and Immortality. To give all this the greater weight and reality, the poet chose for his model the Lord's prayer, which of all others, best deserves the title prefixed to this Paraphrase."—*Warburton.*

MORAL ESSAYS

EPISTLE I

"Sir Richard Temple was created Baron Cobham of Cobham in Kent in 1714, partly as a reward for his services in the Low Countries under the Duke of Marlborough, but more particularly, no doubt, as a reward for his zeal in the Hanoverian cause. Swift, in his Journal to Stella, April 7, 1713, speaks of him as 'the greatest Whig in the army.' He was made Viscount in 1718, and rose to the rank of Field-Marshal. He became in succession Constable of Windsor Castle, a Privy Counsellor, and Governor of the Island of Jersey. Having joined the Opposition against Walpole, he was in 1731 deprived of his military commands, for voting against the Court, and he did not regain them till 1742, when the Opposition succeeded in defeating Walpole. He was the owner of Stowe—where his family had been settled since the time of Edward VI.—and laid out the celebrated gardens with the assistance of Bridgeman. Pope was a frequent visitor at Stowe, which he greatly admired. See Moral Essays, iv. 70. Cobham died in 1749. He had no issue, and his title and estates passed to his sister, from whom sprang the Grenvilles, famous in English history."—*Elwin and Courthope.*

54. Chandos. "James Brydges; first Duke of Chandos. Pope of course intended by this compliment to remove the impression that the character of Timon in the Fourth Moral Essay was intended for the Duke."—*Courthope.*

57. Manly. The hero of Wycherley's comedy, *The Plain Dealer.*

76. "Full of professions when a candidate for a seat in Parliament, and faithless to those professions when the object of them is secure."—*Wakefield.*

81. Patricio. According to Warburton, an allusion to Lord Godolphin.

89. leaden Saint. "Louis XI. of France wore in his hat a leaden image of the Virgin Mary, which when he swore by he feared to break his oath."—*Pope.*

90. godless Regent. "Philip, Duke of Orleans, Regent of France in the minority of Louis XV., superstitious in judicial astrology, tho' an unbeliever in all religion."—*Warburton.*

92. "Philip V. of Spain, who, after renouncing the throne

for religion, resumed it to gratify his queen; and Victor Amadeus II., King of Sardinia, who resigned the crown, and, trying to re-assume it, was imprisoned till his death."—*Pope.*

179. Pope's portrait of Wharton is one of his most celebrated. Philip, son of the Marquis of Wharton, was born in 1698 and died in 1731. In that short period he succeeded in making himself the "scorn and wonder" of his time. He was created Duke of Wharton at the age of twenty as a reward for the valuable political services he had already rendered. He was president of the Hell-Fire Club. He once created a sensation by turning virtuous and loving his wife, but soon relapsed to his normal life of dissipation. He squandered his fortune, intrigued on the Continent for the return of the Stuarts, and died in indigence.

187. Wilmot. "John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, famous for his wit and his extravagances in the time of Charles II." —*Pope.*

231. Lanesb'row. "An ancient nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were disabled by the gout. Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an audience of the Queen, to advise her to preserve her health and dispel her grief by dancing."—*Pope.*

246. An act passed in 1678, with the purpose of protecting the English woollen industry against foreign linen, required the dead to be buried in woollen. Narcissa was no doubt the famous actress, Mrs. Oldfield, who was buried in Westminster Abbey, in "a Brussels lace head-dress, a Holland shift, with tucker and double ruffles of the same lace, and a pair of new kid gloves."

EPISTLE II

The lady to whom this poem is inscribed was the poet's life-long friend, Martha Blount. To the first edition in 1735 Pope prefixed the following *Advertisement:*

"The author being very sensible how particular a tenderness is due to the female sex, and, at the same time, how little they show to each other, declares, upon his honour, that no one character is drawn from the life in this Epistle. It would otherwise be most improperly inscribed to a lady who, of all the women he knows, is the last that would be entertained at the expense of another."

The characters of Philomede, Chloe, and Atossa were not printed until after the poet's death, in the edition prepared by Warburton.

24. **Sappho.** Supposed to allude to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who was notoriously slovenly.

69. The character of Philomede was drawn from Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, who married Lord Godolphin. She was a friend and admirer of the dramatist Congreve, and according to Warton, "after his death caused a figure in wax-work to be made of him, and placed frequently at her table."

115. The original of Atossa was Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, mother of Henrietta, and wife of the great military leader. The Duchess lent great assistance to the Whig party before 1710, by her influence with Queen Anne. Her termagant temper was notorious. Swift thus wrote of her. "She has preserved a tolerable Court reputation with respect to love and gallantry; but three Furies reigned in her breast, the most mortal enemies of all softer passions, which were sordid Avarice, disdainful Pride, and ungovernable Rage; by the last of these, often breaking out in sallies of the most unpardonable sort, she had long alienated her sovereign's mind before it appeared to the world." Swift's *Last Years of Queen Anne*, Book I.

139, 40. "This alludes to a temple she erected with a bust of Queen Anne in it, which mouldered away in a few years." —*Wilkes.*

157. Chloe was drawn from Mrs. Howard, later Lady Suffolk, mistress of George II. She is described by Lord Stanhope as "placid, good-natured, and kind-hearted, but very deaf, and not remarkable for wit."

178. "He alludes to a particular circumstance. Pope being at dinner with her, heard her order her footman to put her in mind to send to know how Mrs. Blount, who was ill, had passed the night."—*Warton.*

198. **Mah'met.** "Servant to the late king, said to be the son of a Turkish Bassa, whom he took at the siege of Buda, and constantly kept about his person."—*Pope.*

198. **Hale.** "Dr. Stephen Hale, not more estimable for his useful discoveries as a natural philosopher than for his exemplary life and pastoral charity as a parish priest."—*Pope.*

251. **The Ring.** A shaded circular drive in Hyde park,

frequented by the splendid carriages of the fashionable world. See *Rape of the Lock,* Canto i, line 44.

EPISTLE III

Allen Apsley, born 1684, was created Lord Bathurst by the Tory government in 1711. He died in 1775. Sterne describes him in his old age: "This nobleman I say is a prodigy; for at eighty-five he has all the wit and promptness of a man of thirty. A disposition to be pleased and the power to please others beyond whatever I knew: added to which, a man of learning, courtesy, and feeling." Warton quotes Lord Bathurst as saying concerning this epistle: "I perceive I make but a shabby and indifferent figure, and contribute very little to the spirit of the dialogue, if it must be a dialogue; and I hope I had generally more to say for myself in the many charming conversations I used to hold with Pope and Swift, and my old poetical friends."

"This Epistle was written after a violent outcry against our Author, on a supposition that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman merely for his wrong taste in the character of *Timon* in Epistle IV. He justified himself upon that article in a letter to the Earl of Burlington; at the end of which are these words: 'I have learnt that there are some who would rather be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be safer to attack vices than follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet possession of their idols, their groves, and their high places; and change my subject from their pride to their meanness, from their vanities to their miseries; and as the only certain way to avoid misconstructions, to lessen offence, and not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably, in my next, make use of real names instead of fictitious ones.' "—*Pope.*

"The philosophical defects of this Essay are obvious. Pope's reasoning is self-contradictory. He starts with what is in effect an attack upon luxury and civilisation . . .; yet he afterwards asserts that the constitution of society, which he has thus condemned, is ordained and promoted by Heaven itself. . . . The fact is, that Pope was misled by the reasoning of Mandeville. He had read the Fable of the Bees, in which Mandeville maintains the paradox that vice is as necessary as virtue for the extension and refinement of society; and he

was struck with the ingenuity of the reasoning, which, of course, altogether ignores the sanctions of religion and morality."—*Elwin and Courthope.*

20. **Ward.** "John Ward of Hackney, Esq.; Member of Parliament, being prosecuted by the Duchess of Buckingham, and convicted of Forgery, was first expelled the House, and then stood in the Pillory on the 17th of March 1727. He was suspected of joining in a conveyance with Sir John Blunt, to secrete fifty thousand pounds of that Director's Estate, forfeited to the South-Sea company by Act of Parliament. The Company recovered the fifty thousand pounds against Ward; but he set up prior conveyances of his real estate to his brother and son, and conceal'd all his personal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. These conveyances being also set aside by a bill in Chancery, Ward was imprisoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life, by not giving in his effects till the last day, which was that of his examination. During his confinement, his amusement was to give poison to dogs and cats, and see them expire by slower or quicker torments. To sum up the *worth* of this gentleman, at the several eras of his life: At his standing in the Pillory he was *worth above two hundred thousand pounds;* but has been since so far diminished in his reputation, as to be thought a *worse man* by *fifty or sixty thousand.*"—*Pope.*

Chartres. "Francis Chartres, a man infamous for all manner of vices. When he was an ensign in the army, he was drumm'd out of the regiment for a cheat; he was next banish'd Brussels, and drumm'd out of Ghent on the same account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming tables, he took to lending money at exorbitant interest and on great penalties, accumulating premium, interest, and capital into a new capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due; in a word, by a constant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. His house was a perpetual Bawdy-house. He was twice condemn'd for rapes, and pardoned; but the last time not without imprisonment in Newgate, and large confiscations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral rais'd a great riot, almost tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs, &c. into the grave along with it. . . . This Gentleman was *worth seven thousand pounds a year* estate in Land, and about *one hundred thousand* in Money."—*Pope.*

Waters. "Mr. Waters, the third of these worthies, was a man no way resembling the former in his military, but extremely so in his civil capacity; his great fortune having been rais'd by the like diligent attendance on the necessities of others. But this gentleman's history must be deferred till his death, when his *worth* may be known more certainly." —*Pope.*

35. "This is a true story, which happened in the reign of William III. to an unsuspected old Patriot, who coming out at the back-door from having been closeted with the King, where he had received a large bag of Guineas, the bursting of the bag discovered his business there."—*Pope.*

42. "In our author's time, many Princes had been sent about the world, and great changes of Kings projected in Europe. The partition treaty had disposed of Spain; France had set up a King for England, who was sent to Scotland and back again; King Stanislaus was sent to Poland, and back again; the Duke of Anjou was sent to Spain, and Don Carlos to Italy."—*Pope.*

44. "Alludes to several Ministers, Counsellors, and Patriots banished in our times to Siberia, and to that more glorious fate of the Parliament of Paris, banished to Pontoise in the year 1720."—*Pope.*

63. "Some Misers of great wealth, proprietors of the coal mines, had entered at this time into an Association to keep up coals to an extravagant price, whereby the poor were reduced almost to starve, till one of them taking the advantage of underselling the rest, defeated the design. One of these Misers was *worth ten thousand,* another *seven thousand* a year."—*Pope.*

65. "Sir William Colepepper, Bart. a Person of an ancient family, and ample fortune, without one other quality of a Gentleman, who, after ruining himself at the Gaming-table, past the rest of his days in sitting there to see the ruin of others; preferring to subsist upon borrowing and begging, rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refusing a Post in the army which was offered him."—*Pope.*

67. White's Club-house, a famous gambling resort in St. James's Street.

82. **Turner.** "One who, being possessed of three hundred thousand pounds, laid down his coach, because Interest was reduced from five to four *per cent.* and then put seventy

thousand into the Charitable Corporation for better interest; which sum having lost, he took it so much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outlived it, but that he was heir to another considerable estate, which he daily expected, and that by this course of life he saved both clothes and other expences."—*Pope.*

84. Wharton. "A Nobleman of great qualities, but as unfortunate in the application of them, as if they had been vices and follies. See his Character in the first Epistle."—*Pope.*

85. Hopkins. "A Citizen, whose rapacity obtained him the name of *Vulture Hopkins.* He lived worthless, but died *worth three hundred thousand pounds,* which he would give to no person living, but left it so as not to be inherited till after the second generation. His counsel representing to him how many years it must be, before this could take effect, and that his money could only lie at interest all that time, he expressed great joy thereat, and said, 'They would then be as long in spending, as he had been in getting it.' But the Chancery afterwards set aside the will, and gave it to the heir at law." —*Pope.*

86. Japhet. "Japhet Crook, alias *Sir Peter Stranger,* was punished with the loss of those parts, for having forged a conveyance of an Estate to himself, upon which he took up several thousand pounds. He was at the same time sued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a Will, by which he possessed another considerable Estate, in wrong of the brother of the deceased. By these means he was *worth* a great sum, which (in reward for the small loss of his ears) he enjoyed in prison till his death, and quietly left to his executor."—*Pope.*

96. "A famous Duchess of Richmond in her last Will left considerable legacies and annuities to her Cats."—*Pope.*

100. "This epistle was written in the year 1730, when a corporation was established to lend money to the poor upon pledges, by the name of the *Charitable Corporation;* but the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of such numbers, that it became a parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of those unhappy sufferers, and three of the managers, who were members of the house, were expelled. By the report of the Committee, appointed to enquire into that iniquitous affair, it appears, that when it was objected to the intended removal of the office, that the Poor, for whose use it was erected,

would be hurt by it, Bond, one of the Directors, replied, *Damn the Poor.* That 'God hates the poor,' and, 'That every man in want is knave or fool,' &c. were the genuine apothegms of some of the persons here mentioned."—*Pope.*

118. "In the extravagance and luxury of the South-sea year, the price of a haunch of Venison was from three to five pounds."—*Pope.*

120. General Excise. "Many people about the year 1733, had a conceit that such a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this lady might have some intimation."—*Pope.* In that year the Opposition charged that Walpole intended a general excise upon all articles of consumption. The charges were generally believed and, as this form of revenue was decidedly unpopular, great political excitement ensued. Pope here insinuates that the prime minister's mistress had invested money, as she thought, advantageously, in the light of advance political information.

123. Peter. "Peter Walter, a person not only eminent in the wisdom of his profession, as a dextrous attorney, but allowed to be a good, if not safe, conveyancer; extremely respected by the Nobility of this land, tho' free from all manner of luxury and ostentation: his Wealth was never seen, and his bounty never heard of, except to his own son, for whom he procured an employment of considerable profit, of which he gave him as much as was *necessary.* Therefore the taxing this gentleman with any Ambition, is certainly a great wrong to him."—*Pope.* Peter Walter was also the original of Peter Pounce in Fielding's *Joseph Andrews,* and Pope's ironical defence of him here may be compared with Book III, chapter 13, of Fielding's novel.

126. Didius. "A Roman Lawyer, so rich as to purchase the Empire when it was set to sale upon the death of Pertinax."—*Pope.*

128–9. Gage, Maria. "The two persons here mentioned were of Quality, each of whom in the Mississippi despis'd to realize above *three hundred thousand pounds;* the Gentleman with a view to the purchase of the Crown of Poland, the Lady on a vision of the like royal nature. They since retired into Spain, where they are still in search of gold in the mines of the Asturies."—*Pope.*

133. Blunt. "Sir John Blunt, originally a scrivener, was one of the first projectors of the South-sea company, and

afterwards one of the directors and chief managers of the famous scheme in 1720. He was also one of those who suffer'd most severely by the bill of pains and penalties on the said directors. He was a Dissenter of a most religious deportment, and profess'd to be a great believer. Whether he did really credit the prophecy here mentioned is not certain, but it was constantly in this very style he declaimed against the corruption and luxury of the age, the partiality of Parliaments, and the misery of party-spirit. He was particularly eloquent against *Avarice* in great and noble persons, of which he had indeed lived to see many miserable examples. He died in the year 1732."—*Pope.*

177. **Cotta.** "Supposed to be the Duke of Newcastle, who died in 1711; and his son, the well-known peer of that name, who afterwards became prime minister."—*Carruthers.*

243. **Oxford.** "Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford. The son of Robert, created Earl of Oxford, and Earl of Mortimer by Queen Anne. This Nobleman died regretted by all men of letters, great numbers of whom had experienced his benefits. He left behind him one of the most noble Libraries in Europe."—*Pope.*

250. **Man of Ross.** "The person here celebrated, who with a small Estate actually performed all these good works, and whose true name was almost lost (partly by the title of the *Man of Ross* given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without so much as an inscription) was called Mr. John Kyrle. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interred in the chancel of the church of Ross in Herefordshire."—*Pope.*

"We must understand what is here said, of *actually performing,* to mean by the contributions which the *Man of Ross,* by his assiduity and interest, collected in his neighbourhood." —*Warburton.*

296. "The poet ridicules the wretched taste of carving large periwigs on bustos, of which there are several vile examples in the tombs at Westminster and elsewhere."—*Pope.*

305. **Great Villiers.** "This Lord, yet more famous for his vices than his misfortunes, having been possessed of about 50,000 l. a year, and passed through many of the highest posts in the kingdom, died in the year 1687, in a remote inn in Yorkshire, reduced to the utmost misery."—*Pope.* George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the *Zimri* of Dryden's *Absalom*

and Achitophel, did not die in poverty, as Pope insinuates. Pope exaggerated for satirical effect.

307. **Clivedon's proud alcove.** "A delightful palace, on the banks of the Thames, built by the Duke of Buckingham."—*Pope.*

308. **Shrewsbury.** "The Countess of Shrewsbury, a woman abandoned to gallantries. The Earl her husband was killed by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel; and it has been said, that during the combat she held the Duke's horses in the habit of a page."—*Pope.*

315. **Cutler.** Sir John Cutler, a wealthy citizen of London, created Baronet by Charles II, who had acquired a reputation for parsimony. Arbuthnot told an anecdote of him: "Sir John Cutler had a pair of black worsted stockings, which his maid darned so often with silk that they became at last a pair of silk stockings."

339. "The Monument, built in the memory of the fire of London, with an inscription, importing that city to have been burnt by the Papists."—*Pope.*

EPISTLE IV

"Richard Boyle, third Earl of Burlington, born in 1695, died in 1753. He took no prominent part in politics, although his high rank obtained for him a great post at court and the order of the Garter. But he obtained wide fame by his taste in architecture, inspired by a natural love of art and educated by studies in Italy. Horace Walpole says of him that he 'had every quality of genius and artist, except envy.' It has been doubted whether the architect Kent, who long lived with him, did not owe more to his patron, than the latter owed to the artist."—*Ward.*

7. **Topham.** "A Gentleman famous for a judicious collection of Drawings."—*Pope.*

10. **Mead, Sloane.** "Two eminent Physicians; the one had an excellent Library, the other the finest collection in Europe of natural curiosities; both men of great learning and humanity."—*Pope.*

18. **Ripley.** "This man was a carpenter, employed by a first Minister, who raised him to an Architect, without any genius in the art; and after some wretched proofs of his insufficiency in public buildings, made him Comptroller of the

Board of works."—*Pope.* The minister was, of course, Walpole.

20. **Bubo.** Bubb Doddington, Lord Melcombe. See *Epistle to Arbuthnot,* line 280.

23. "The Earl of Burlington was then publishing the Designs of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio."—*Pope.*

46. "*Inigo Jones* the celebrated Architect, and M. *Le Nôtre* the designer of the best Gardens of France."—*Pope.*

70. **Stowe.** "The seat and gardens of the Lord Viscount Cobham in Buckinghamshire."—*Pope.*

75–76. "This was done in Hertfordshire, by a wealthy citizen, at the expence of above 5000 l. by which means (merely to overlook a dead plain) he let in the north-wind upon his house and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods."—*Pope.*

78. "Dr. S. Clarke's busto placed by the Queen in the Hermitage, while the Dr. duely frequented the Court."—*Pope.*

95. "The two extremes in parterres, which are equally faulty; a *boundless Green,* large and naked as a field, or a *flourish'd Carpet,* where the greatness and nobleness of the piece is lessened by being divided into many parts, with scroll'd works and beds, of which the examples are frequent."—*Pope.*

96. "Touches upon the ill taste of those who are so fond of Ever-greens (particularly Yews, which are the most tonsile) as to destroy the nobler Forest-trees, to make way for such little ornaments as Pyramids of dark-green continually repeated, not unlike a Funeral procession."—*Pope.*

99. "This description is intended to comprize the principles of a false Taste of Magnificence, and to exemplify what was said before, that nothing but Good Sense can attain it."—*Pope.* By Timon, Johnson says, Pope "was universally supposed—and by the Earl of Burlington, to whom the poem is addressed, was privately said—to mean the Duke of Chandos, a man perhaps too much delighted with pomp and show, but of a temper kind and beneficent, and who had consequently the voice of the public in his favour. A violent outcry was therefore raised against the ingratitude and treachery of Pope, who was said to have been indebted to the patronage of Chandos for a present of a thousand pounds, and who gained the opportunity of insulting him by the kindness of his invitation."

Although Pope denied that the portrait was personal, there is no doubt that Chandos was in his mind. But the evidence seems rather against the traditional story of base ingratitude, as recorded by Johnson.

124. "The two Statues of the *Gladiator pugnans* and *Gladiator moriens.*"—*Pope.*

133. "The false Taste in Books; a satire on the vanity in collecting them, more frequent in men of Fortune than the study to understand them. Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the print, or of the binding; some have carried it so far, as to cause the upper shelves to be filled with painted books of wood; others pique themselves so much upon books in a language they do not understand, as to exclude the most useful in one they do."—*Pope.*

142. "The false taste in *Music,* improper to the subjects, as of light airs in churches, often practised by the organists, *etc.*"—*Pope.*

145. "And in *Painting* (from which even Italy is not free) of naked figures in Churches, *etc.* which has obliged some Popes to put draperies on some of those of the best masters." —*Pope.*

146. "Verrio (Antonio) painted many ceilings, etc. at Windsor, Hampton-Court, etc. and Laguerre at Blenheim-castle, and other Places."—*Pope.*

150. "This is a fact; a reverend Dean preaching at Court, threatened the sinner with punishment in 'a place which he thought it not decent to name in so polite an assembly.' "—*Pope.*

155. "The proud Festivals of some men are here set forth to ridicule, where pride destroys the ease, and formal regularity all the pleasurable enjoyment of the entertainment."—*Pope.*

160. "See Don Quixote, chap. xlvii."—*Pope.*

169. "The *Moral* of the whole, where Providence is justified in giving Wealth to those who squander it in this manner. A bad Taste employs more hands, and diffuses Expence more than a good one. This recurs to what is laid down in Book I. Ep. ii. vv. 230–7, and in the Epistle preceding this, vv. 161, &c."—*Pope.*

195–202. "The poet after having touched upon the proper objects of Magnificence and Expence, in the private works of great men, comes to those great and public works which become a prince. This Poem was published in the year 1732, when some of the new-built churches, by the act of Queen

Anne, were ready to fall, being founded in boggy land (which is satirically alluded to in our author's imitation of Horace, Lib. ii. Sat. 2.

Shall half the new-built Churches round thee fall)

others were vilely executed, thro' fraudulent cabals between undertakers, officers, &c. Dagenham-breach had done very great mischiefs; many of the Highways throughout England were hardly passable; and most of those which were repaired by Turnpikes were made jobs for private lucre, and infamously executed, even to the entrance of London itself: The proposal of building a Bridge at Westminster had been petition'd against and rejected; but in two years after the publication of this poem, an Act for building a Bridge pass'd thro' both houses. After many debates in the committee, the execution was left to the carpenter above-mentioned, who would have made it a wooden one; to which our author alludes in these lines.

Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile?
Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile."—*Pope.*

See *Epistle to Augustus,* line 186.

SATIRES

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT

The sub-title, *Prologue to the Satires,* is not by Pope, but was added by Warburton while his edition of the poet's works was in the process of going through the press, several years after Pope had died. But it is a happy afterthought, as the poem is really a defence, addressed to a congenial and understanding friend, of his career as a satirist.

"John Arbuthnot (born in 1675, died in 1735) besides being a most distinguished member of his profession, the medical, was as eminent as a mathematician and a classical scholar. As a politician he was firmly attached to the Tory party, and with Swift became a member of the October Club, established in 1710 by Oxford, Bolingbroke, and their political and literary friends. He was also a member of the Scriblerus Club, and to him is attributed the chief share in the famous treatise of M. S. *on the Art of Sinking in Poetry,* which was published in the Miscellanies of Pope and Swift. *The History of John Bull, the Art of Political Lying* and other *jeux d'esprit* of the same kind, were Arbuthnot's own. On the accession of

George I. Arbuthnot was deprived of his post as Physician extraordinary at Court."—*Ward.*

1. **Good John.** "John Searl, his old and faithful servant: whom he has remembered, under that character, in his Will." *Warburton.*

13. **The Mint.** "A place to which insolvent debtors retired, to enjoy an illegal protection, which they were suffered to afford one another, from the persecution of their creditors." —*Warburton.*

23. **Arthur.** "Arthur Moore, a leading politician of Queen Anne's time, who had raised himself by ability and unscrupulousness to place and power. His son James Moore (afterwards James Moore-Smythe), a small placeman and poetaster, and an acquaintance of the Blount family, became a noted object of Pope's scorn."—*Ward.*

49. **Pitholeon.** "The name taken from a foolish Poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to Greek."—*Pope.*

53. Edmund Curll was a notorious piratical bookseller. See Pope's note to line 351.

54. The *London Journal* supported the Whig ministry.

62. Bernard Lintot published Pope's translation of Homer and many of his other works. He was one of the most important and successful publishers of the eighteenth century.

72. **Queen.** "The story is told, by some, of his Barber, but by *Chaucer* of his Queen. See Wife of Bath's Tale in Dryden's Fables."—*Pope.* This innocuous and literary note is merely to cover a sarcastic reference to Queen Caroline and Sir Robert Walpole.

88. Pope in a note refers to Horace, *Odes,* III. 3, but he was really ridiculing Addison's translation of the Passage:

"Should the whole frame of Nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world."

98. **Henley.** "This alludes to Henley, commonly called Orator Henley, who declaimed on Sundays on religious subjects, and on Wednesdays on the Sciences: one shilling was the price of admittance. His oratory was among the butchers in Newport Market and Butcher Row."—*Bowles.*

98. **Moore.** James Moore-Smyth, who was a free-mason and frequently headed their processions.

100. **Philips.** Ambrose Philips, whose insipid pastorals oc-

casioned the origin of the word *namby-pamby,* found an admirer, friend and patron in Bishop Boulter.

101. **Sappho.** Pope frequently alludes to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, with whom he had quarrelled, under the name Sappho.

135. **Granville.** George Granville, Lord Lansdown, was one of Pope's life-long friends. He had been a member of the Tory ministry formed in 1710. Pope dedicated his *Windsor Forest* to him.

136. **Walsh.** See *Essay on Criticism,* line 729, and note.

140. "The phrase descriptive of Atterbury is borrowed from Gay's Verses on Mr. Pope's Return from Troy:

'See Rochester approving nods his head.'

It was no doubt a characteristic gesture."—*Elwin and Courthope.*

142. "All these were patrons or admirers of Mr. Dryden. These are the persons to whose account the author charges the publication of his first pieces: persons with whom he was conversant (and he adds beloved) at 16 or 17 years of age; an early period for such acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illustrious, had he not confined it to that time when he writ the *Pastorals* and *Windsor Forest,* on which he passes a sort of Censure in the lines following,

"While pure Description held the place of Sense, &c."—*Pope.*

146. "Authors of secret and scandalous History."—*Pope.*

149. **Fanny.** Lord Hervey, described below as *Sporus.*

150. "*A painted meadow or a purling stream* is a verse of Mr. Addison."—*Pope.*

151. **Gildon draws his venal quill.** "Pope pretended to suspect that Gildon had received ten pounds from Addison for a Life of Wycherley, in which he himself was abused."—*Elwin and Courthope.*

153. **Dennis.** See *Essay on Criticism,* line 586 and note.

164, 168. Bentley, one of the greatest of English scholars, published in 1732 an edition of *Paradise Lost,* famous for its inept "improvements" on that masterpiece. Theobald criticised Pope's edition of Shakespeare, then produced a better one himself, and thus earned his place as hero of the first version of the *Dunciad.*

179. Ambrose Philips, who had translated some *Persian Tales.* Gildon had ranked his Pastorals with those of Theocritus and Virgil.

190. Tate. Nahum Tate, one of the dreariest of English versifiers, who had been made poet laureate in 1690, died in 1715 in the Mint. His wretched alteration of *King Lear* was the standard acting version on the English stage for a century and a half, until Macready restored the original.

193. This famous passage on Addison was first printed in 1723, four years after Addison had died. When he reprinted it in this *Epistle,* Pope added the following note: "It was a great falsehood, which some of the Libels reported, that this Character was written after the Gentleman's death; which see refuted in the Testimonies prefixed to the *Dunciad.* But the occasion of writing it was such as he would not make public out of regard to his memory: and all that could further be done was to omit the name, in the Editions of his Works." As celebrated men of letters, Pope and Addison had made one another's acquaintance with mutual good will, but differences in temperament and alignment by friendship or principle with opposite political parties, gradually bred mutual suspicion and dislike. In most narratives of their complicated "quarrels," the tendency is to throw all the blame on Pope and exonerate Addison. It is perhaps wiser in this, as in other tragedies, to distribute blame as well as sorrow and sympathy to both sides.

DeQuincey's inept remarks on this passage are too well known. Among the best recent appreciations of it, are the essays by G. K. Chesterton and P. E. More. See Bibliography, Appendix A.

209. See Pope's *Prologue* to Addison's *Cato,* line 23.

232. Bufo. Probably Charles Montague, later Earl of Halifax, who had died in 1715.

236. "Ridicules the affectation of Antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headless *Trunks* and *Terms* of Statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, &c."—*Pope.*

248. "Mr. *Dryden,* after having liv'd in exigencies, had a magnificent Funeral bestow'd upon him by the contribution of several persons of Quality."—*Pope.*

256. John Gay (1688–1732), author of *The Beggar's Opera,* had been one of the group of Tory wits. His *Opera* and its continuation, *Polly,* were satires directed at the government of Walpole. His last years were spent at the home of the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, who had been forbidden the

Court because of their solicitations on his behalf in the Royal Apartments.

280. **Sir Will.** Sir William Yonge, a prominent Whig and one of the prosecutors of Pope's friend, Bishop Atterbury; frequently attacked by Pope.

280. **Bubo.** "Bubb Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, the author of a well known Diary and the confidential adviser of Frederick Prince of Wales. He is a character typical in many respects of his age; utterly unconscientious and cheerfully blind to his unconscientiousness; and a liberal rather than discriminating patron of literary men. He died in 1762." —*Ward.*

299. "Meaning the man who would have persuaded the Duke of Chandos that Mr. Pope meant him in those circumstances ridiculed in the Epistle on *Taste.* See Mr. Pope's Letter to the Earl of Burlington concerning this matter."—*Warburton.* See *Moral Essays,* Epistle i, line 54, and note.

305. **Sporus.** John Lord Hervey, second son of the first Earl of Bristol. He had once been an intimate of the same circle as Pope and his friends, but had gone over to Walpole. The enmity of the two men was bitter, and in his satires Hervey did not spare Pope's personal deformity, though he was himself sickly. "To prevent the attacks of an epilepsy, he persisted in a strict regimen of daily food, which was a small quantity of ass's milk, and a flour biscuit, with an apple once a week; and he used a little paint to soften his ghastly appearance. . . . Though the portrait of Sporus is described by Johnson as the meanest part of this Epistle, it is difficult to suppose that such would have been his deliberate judgment if he had not been prejudiced in favour of Lord Hervey. The morals of the latter, as displayed by himself in his Memoirs of the Reign of George II., show that Pope's satire is as just as it is ardent and poetical."—*Elwin and Courthope.*

350. **the lye so oft o'erthrown.** "As that he received subscriptions for Shakespear, that he set his name to Mr. Broome's verses, &c. which, tho' publicly disproved, were nevertheless shamelessly repeated in the Libels, and even in that called the *Nobleman's Epistle.*"—*Pope.*

351. **trash.** "Such as profane *Psalms, Court Poems,* and other scandalous things printed in his Name by Curll and others."—*Pope.*

354. "Namely on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of

Burlington, Lord Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke, Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his Friends, his Parents, and his very nurse, aspersed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Ducket, L. Welsted, Tho. Bentley, and other obscure persons."—*Pope.*

374. **ten years.** "It was so long after many libels before the Author of the Dunciad published that poem, till when, he never writ a word in answer to the many scurrilities and falsehoods concerning him."—*Pope.*

375. **Welsted's lie.** "This man had the impudence to tell in print, that Mr. P. had occasioned a *Lady's death*, and to name a person he never heard of. He also publish'd that he libell'd the Duke of Chandos; with whom (it was added) that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a present of *Five hundred pounds:* the falsehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr. P. never received any present, farther than the subscription for Homer, from him, or from *Any great Man* whatsoever."—*Pope.*

379. *"Budgel,* in a weekly pamphlet called the *Bee,* bestowed much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things about the *Last Will* of Dr. *Tindal,* in the *Grub-street Journal;* a Paper wherein he never had the least hand, direction, or supervisal nor the least knowledge of its Author."—*Pope.*

379. Budgell was accused of forging a will made in his favor by the notorious Deist, Tindal. According to Bowles, this accusation "was generally credited, and Budgell, in 1737, threw himself out of a boat, and was drowned."

381. Pope, in a note to this line, defends his parents against accusations that they were not of "gentle" birth.

SATIRES AND EPISTLES OF HORACE IMITATED

"Whoever expects a *Paraphrase* of Horace, or a faithful Copy of his genius, or manner of writing, in these Imitations, will be much disappointed. Our Author uses the Roman Poet for little more than his canvas: And if the old design or colouring chance to suit his purpose, it is well: if not, he employs his own, without scruple or ceremony. Hence it is, he is so frequently serious where Horace is in jest; and at ease where Horace is disturbed. . . . He deem'd it more modest to give the name of Imitations to his Satires, than, like

Despréaux, to give the name of Satires to Imitations."—*Warburton.*

FIRST SATIRE, SECOND BOOK

William Fortescue, one of Pope's intimate friends and correspondents, was a distinguished member of the Bar. He was made a judge of the Exchequer in 1735, of the Common Pleas in 1738, and Master of the Rolls in 1741. He died in 1749.

6. Lord Fanny. Lord Hervey.

23. Sir Richard. Sir Richard Blackmore, physician to William III., had acquired considerable reputation in certain circles by his edifying, but tedious, epic poems.

27. Eustace Budgell. See *Epistle to Arbuthnot,* line 378.

30. Caroline was Queen of George II. and Amelia his second daughter.

34. Colley Cibber had been made Poet Laureate in 1730.

40. Peter Walter. *Moral Essays,* Ep. iii, 123 and note.

42. For Timon and Balaam see *Moral Essays,* Epistles iii and i.

44. Bond was an actual name, Harpax fictitious. See *Moral Essays,* iii, lines 91 and 100.

46. Scarsdale, Darty. Lord Scarsdale and Charles Dartineuf were noted epicures. Ham-pie was a marvellous delicacy, as may be seen from the recipe given by Elwin and Courthope in a note to this line.

49. Alludes to Henry Fox, first Lord Holland, and his brother Stephen Fox. Hockley-in-the-Hole was a bear garden, described in the *Spectator,* No. 436.

52. William Shippen, a loyal and honest Jacobite, was sent to the Tower in 1718 for uttering in the House of Commons, and refusing to retract, a sharp criticism of George I.

75. Cardinal Fleury, prime minister of France from 1726 to his death in 1743, maintained a pacific policy in foreign affairs.

81. A rumor was circulating at this time that a Miss McKenzie had been poisoned by Lady Deloraine.

82. Sir Francis Page, a judge of the Common Pleas, is referred to again by Pope in *Epilogue to the Satires,* ii, 159.

100. Nathaniel Lee, author of the tragedy *Rival Queens,* was insane for some time after 1684. He died in 1692.

129. He, whose lightning, etc. "Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborow, who in the year 1705 took Barcelona, and in

the winter following with only 280 horse and 900 foot enterprized and accomplished the Conquest of Valentia."—*Pope.*

153. Sir Robert Walpole.

SECOND SATIRE, SECOND BOOK

Hugh Bethel, called "blameless Bethel" in the *Essay on Man,* iv, 126, was one of Pope's earliest friends. In a letter to Allen, Pope says: "I have known and esteemed him (Bethel) for every moral virtue these twenty years and more. He has all the charity without any of the weakness of——; and, I firmly believe, never said a thing he did not think, nor think a thing he did not tell."

25. **Oldfield.** "This eminent glutton ran through a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds a year in the simple luxury of good eating."—*Warburton.*

26. **barbecu'd.** "A West Indian term of gluttony, a hog roasted whole, stuffed with spice, and basted with Madeira wine."—*Pope.*

42. **Bedford-head.** A famous eating-house in Southampton Street, Covent Garden.

49. **Avidien, or his wife.** Edward Wortley Montagu and his famous wife, Lady Mary. Pope elsewhere satirised them for avarice, under the name "Shylock and his wife." See *Moral Essays,* iii. 94, 115, and First Imitation of Horace, line 103.

122. The Duchess of Marlborough, with her enormous wealth, lent great sums to the British government, and was angry with Walpole if he dared borrow elsewhere at lower interest than she required.

135. "Pope's father originally purchased twenty acres of land in the outskirts of Windsor Forest, which he sold in 1716. The sum which he left to his son was something under four thousand pounds. The 'five acres of rented land' are the Twickenham estate."—*Ward.*

160. From Homer's *Odyssey,* Book xv, line 84, translated by Pope thus:

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

176, 178. The "booby lord" who then owned Bacon's former estate was Viscount Grimston, and the "city Knight" who purchased Helmsley was Sir Charles Duncombe, Lord Mayor of London in 1709.

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE

Pope wrote this epistle in his forty ninth year, the "Sabbath of his days." His friend, Lord Bolingbroke, had retired to France in 1733. The best part of this Imitation, say Elwin and Courthope, "and probably the chief motive of the poet himself, is the passage reflecting on the monied interest which Pope cordially hated."

16. **Blackmore.** "The fame of this heavy Poet, however problematical elsewhere, was universally received in the City of London. His versification is here exactly described: stiff, and not strong; stately and yet dull, like the sober and slow-paced Animal generally employed to mount the Lord Mayor: and therefore here humorously opposed to Pegasus."—*Pope.* See *First Satire, Second Book,* line 23.

52. Mead and Cheselden were eminent physicians, for whose advice Pope felt profound respect.

82. **From low St. James's up to high St. Paul.** "These lines are pregnant with the equivocation in which Pope delighted. In the first place they have an obvious local meaning, including all 'London's voice' between the East and West Ends, the voice of the Court and the City. They have an equally obvious application to the two parties in the Church. St. James's, the great stepping-stone to preferment in the Church, had had a succession of 'Low' Rectors, Tenison, Wake, Clarke, and Secker; while St. Paul's was the great stronghold of the High Church party, the Dean at this time being Francis Hare, the chief opponent of Hoadley in the Bangorian controversy, and the staunch champion of Church Authority. There is, I think, a third meaning in the word 'low.' Pope thought that 'low St. James's' would be applied by many to St. James's Court, in which case they would find a pointed allusion to the love of money which was a notorious feature in the characters of both the King and the Queen. 'Low St. James's' would then be equivalent to 'the mean Court.'"—*Elwin and Courthope.*

85. **Barnard.** Sir John Barnard, son of Quaker parents, was knighted in 1732 and became Lord Mayor of London in 1737. Chatham called him "the great commoner."

112. Augustus Schutz, one of the Germans in the retinue of the Hanoverians.

173. Dr. Hale, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, a specialist in insanity.

177. Pope repeats the titles he used in addressing Bolingbroke in the *Essay on Man*, iv, 390.

THE SIXTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE

William Murray, who at this time was only thirty-two years old, later became famous as Earl of Mansfield and Chief Justice of the King's Bench. "It was he who gave judgment in the case of Wilkes, who presided at the trial of Horne Tooke, and who lived to have his house burnt over his head by the 'Protestant rioters of 1780.' He died in 1793, leaving behind him a lofty reputation, tempered by the memory of the humour for which he is praised by Pope. Murray had originally won the gratitude of the latter by his defence of the *Essay on Man* from the attacks of Crousaz."—*Ward.*

1. The first two lines, Pope added in a note, are taken from the translation of Horace by Richard Creech.

45. **Craggs's.** "His father had been in a low situation; but by industry and ability, got to be Postmaster-General and agent to the Duke of Marlborough."—*Warton.* He was one of Pope's friends, and Pope wrote his epitaph.

53. **Hyde.** The great Lord Clarendon, of the time of Charles II. His great-grandson, Lord Cornbury, a Tory gentleman of literary tastes, disdained a pension already granted him. See line 61.

64. Dr. Matthew Tindal, the famous Deist, was author of *Christianity as Old as the Creation.*

82. "Anstis, whom Pope often mentions, was Garter King of Arms."—*Bowles.*

121. "Lords Kinnoul and Tyrawley, two ambassadors noted for wild immorality."—*Carruthers.*

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE

"The bland statements" of the Advertisement, says Ward, "will not deceive the reader as to the ironical character of Pope's Epistle, which ranks among the most finished of his compositions. . . . Pope addresses himself to a monarch who,

since his accession to the throne in 1727, had done nothing, and intended to do nothing, to foster a literature for which, notwithstanding his intelligence, he lacked sympathy. The opposition, to which Pope was attached by personal friendships rather than any distinct political creed, had pretended to found high hopes in this respect, as in all others, upon George Prince of Wales, when he was on bad terms with his father and the Walpole ministry. But he had speedily undeceived them as to the real object of their hopes; and 'Bob, the poet's foe' (as Swift nicknamed Sir Robert Walpole), remained in power. The slight attempts on the part of Queen Caroline to patronise literature and literary men were lost in the general apathy, amounting almost to dislike, with which both were regarded by King and Minister.

"While therefore all the allusions to the King himself must be understood as distinctly ironical, the review of English literature which they introduce is only addressed to the king *because* he would take no interest in it. This review itself contains many criticisms of much sagacity and acuteness; it will be found that upon the whole Pope in his manhood adhered very much to the opinions which as a youth he had expressed in his *Essay on Criticism,* which should be carefully compared with the present Epistle. It is strange to find Pope charging his age with an undue preference for the old poets; the truth being that the period of a renaissance in this respect had hardly yet begun in English popular taste. The observations on the stage are fully borne out by contemporary accounts; Pope was to live to hail the appearance of Garrick as the advent of better days."

38. "Skelton, Poet Laureate to Henry VIII., a volume of whose verses has been lately reprinted, consisting almost wholly of ribaldry, obscenity, and scurrilous language."—*Pope.*

40. Christ's Kirk o' the Green. "A Ballad made by a King of Scotland."—*Pope.*

42. The Devil. "The Devil Tavern, where Ben Jonson held his Poetical Club."—*Pope.*

66. Stowe. One of the chroniclers of the Elizabethan age.

69. "Shakespeare and Ben Jonson may truly be said not much to have thought of this immortality; the one in many pieces composed in haste for the Stage; the other in his latter works in general, which *Dryden* called his *Dotages.*"—*Pope.*

77. Pindaric Art. "Which has much more merit than his

Epic, but very unlike the Character, as well as Numbers, of Pindar."—*Pope.*

81. "The poet has here," says Warburton, "put the bald cant of women and boys into extreme fine verse. This is in strict imitation of his original, where the same impertinent and gratuitous criticism is admirably ridiculed."

85. **Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow.** "Nothing was less true than this particular: But the whole paragraph has a mixture of Irony, and must not altogether be taken for Horace's own Judgment, only the common Chat of the pretenders to Criticism; in some things right, in others wrong; as he tells us in his answer,

Interdum vulgus rectum videt: est ubi peccat."

—*Pope.*

91. **Gammer Gurton.** "A piece of very low humour, one of the first printed Plays in English, and therefore much valued by some Antiquaries."—*Pope.*

92. **The Careless Husband.** A play by Colley Cibber, first acted in 1704, and a favorite on the English stage for a hundred years.

124. **A muster roll of Names.** "An absurd custom of several Actors, to pronounce with emphasis the meer *Proper Names* of Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) *fill the mouth* of the Player."—*Pope.* Elwin and Courthope believe that this passage betrays that Pope had a grudge against Booth, due to the latter having criticised *Windsor Forest.* "At the same time," they add, "Pope disliked the solemn and formal style of the old school of acting, and was enthusiastic in his praise of Garrick, who was the first to introduce a more free and natural manner.

142. "A verse of the Lord Lansdown."—*Pope.*

143–146. "The Duke of Newcastle's book of Horsemanship: the Romance to Parthenissa, by the Earl of Orrery, and most of the French Romances translated by *Persons of Quality.*"—*Pope.*

153. **On each enervate string,** etc. "The Siege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant, the first Opera sung in England."—*Pope.*

182. **Ward.** "A famous Empiric, whose Pill and Drop had several surprising effects, and were one of the principal subjects of writing and conversation at this time."—*Pope.*

186. See Pope's note to *Moral Essays,* Epistle iv, line 18.

195. **Flight of cashiers.** Explained by Warton as alluding to "Mr. Knight's (one of the cashiers of the South Sea Company) flying into France on the failure of that bubble, by which Pope was a considerable sufferer."

197. **Peter.** Peter Walter.

221. Pope celebrates the services of his friend Swift to oppressed Ireland, especially in the famous *Drapier's Letters,* published in 1724, to which line 224 refers. Pope risked prosecution for his direct criticism of the Court, but the matter was not pressed.

225, **the Idiot and the poor.** "A foundation for the maintenance of Idiots, and a Fund for assisting the Poor, by lending small sums of money on demand."—*Pope.*

230. **Hopkins and Sternhold.** Authors of versifications of the Psalms, first published complete in 1562, and from that time on popularly used as hymns in the churches. Pope here amuses himself over their lack of poetical quality. One of the hymns begins:

> "Preserve us, Lord, by Thy dear word,
> From Turk and Pope defend us, Lord.

Hence line 236.

289. **Van.** John Vanbrugh, dramatist, and architect of Blenheim, the nation's gift to Marlborough.

290. **Astraea.** "A Name taken by Mrs. Behn, Authoress of several obscene Plays, etc."—Pope.

293. **poor Pinky.** William Pinkethman, a popular comedian, whose stage tricks are ridiculed in *Tatler* 188, and in *Spectator* 370.

313. "From plays to operas, and from operas to pantomimes."—*Warburton.*

319. "The Coronation of Henry VIII. and Queene Anne Boleyn, in which the Playhouses vied with each other to represent all the pomp of a Coronation. In this noble contention, the Armour of one of the Kings of England was borrowed from the tower, to dress the Champion."—*Pope.* The occasion was a spectacle staged in 1727, to celebrate the coronation of George II., which had a remarkable run of forty nights.

328. **Orcas' stormy steep.** "The farthest Northern Promontory of Scotland, opposite to the Orcades."—*Pope.*

354. **a Library.** *"Munus Apolline dignum.* The Palatine Library then building by Augustus."—Pope. Pope keeps the reader reminded of the poem of Horace, whose impeccable

tone of respect for royalty he preserves, but only as a cover for the most cutting satire.

355. **Merlin's Cave.** "A Building in the Royal Gardens of Richmond, where is a small, but choice Collection of Books." —*Pope.*

372. Croker explains this passage as "a stroke at the office of historiographer in ordinary which in 1737 was filled by Jenkin Thomas Phillips, Esq., at a salary of 200 pounds per annum."

381. **Bernini.** A famous Italian sculpture of the time, of the style called rococo.

382. **Nassau.** King William III.

413. In a poem in Tonson's *Miscellany* in 1709, occurred the line: "Praise undeserved is satire in disguise."

417. This inglorious trio were Laurence Eusden, poet laureate under Charles II., Ambrose Phillips, of "namby-pamby" fame, and Elkanah Settle, city poet, writer of Odes on Lord Mayor's Day.

THE SECOND EPISTLE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE

1. **Colonel.** Warton is the only authority for the identification of this Colonel with "Colonel Cotterell, of Rousham near Oxford." But the owner of Rousham in 1737 was Robert Dormer.

4. **Blois.** "A town in Beauce, where the French tongue is spoken in great purity."—*Warburton.* In his travels Addison went to Blois to perfect his French.

24. **Sir Godfrey.** Pope added a note: "An eminent Justice of Peace, who decided much in the manner of Sancho Pancha." Warburton identified him as the painter, Sir Godfrey Kneller, regarding whose notions of justice some amusing anecdotes are told by Walpole in his *Anecdotes of Painting.*

57. **Maudlin.** Phonetic spelling for Magdalen. "He had a partiality for this college in Oxford," says Warton, "in which he had spent many agreeable days with his friend Mr. Digby."

60. Pope was subject to the penal laws against Catholics.

70. **Monroes.** "Dr. Monroe, Physician to Bedlam Hospital."—*Pope.*

87. For Dartineuf, see *Imitation of Horace,* Satire i, Book

ii, line 46; for Oldfield, see Satire ii, Book ii, line 25.

113. **Tooting, Earl's-Court.** "Two villages within a few miles of London."—*Pope.*

132–135. **Murray, Cowper, Talbot.** All men of the greatest distinction in the legal profession. To Murray Pope addressed his Imitation of the Sixth Epistle of the First Book.

139. See note to Book ii, Epistle i, line 355.

140. **Stephen.** Stephen Duck, the "farmer poet," a modest and worthy man, according to Warburton, "who had the honour (which many, who thought themselves his betters in poetry, had not) of being esteemed by Mr. Pope. Queen Caroline chose this man for her favourite poet."

218. **Golden Angels.** "A golden coin, given as fee by those who came to be touched by the royal hand for the Evil."—*Warton.*

220–229. The whole passage refers to Dr. White Kennet, chaplain to the Duke of Devonshire, who, by fulsome praise and adulation, secured for himself promotion in the church, becoming even bishop. Bishop Kennet, as well as the Duke of Devonshire, was Whig.

234. **Worldly.** Edward Wortley Montagu.

240. **Heathcote.** Sir Gilbert Heathcote, director of the Bank of England, and one of the richest men of his time. See *Moral Essays,* Epistle iii, line 101.

273. Lord Townshend had retired from politics in 1730 and devoted himself to agriculture. He introduced turnips into England.

274. **Bu-.** Bubb Doddington, the Bubo of *Moral Essays,* Epistle iv.

277. **Oglethorpe.** "Employed in settling the Colony of Georgia."—*Pope.*

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES

"Pope's last Satires of the general kind were two Dialogues, named, from the year in which they were published, 'Seventeen Hundred and Thirty-eight.' In these poems many are praised and many are reproached. Pope was then entangled in the Opposition; a follower of the Prince of Wales, who dined at his house, and the friend of many who obstructed and censured the conduct of the Ministers. His political partiality was too plainly shown; he forgot the prudence with which

he passed, in his earlier years, uninjured and unoffending through much more violent conflicts of passion."—*Johnson.*

"Whatever may be said of the political, of the poetical part, particularly the description of vice, and the noble conclusion, there can be but one opinion. More dignified and impressive numbers, more lofty indignation, more animated appeals, and more rich personifications never adorned the page of the satiric muse."—*Bowles.*

"Pope's politics as well as his philosophy were derived from Bolingbroke. Whoever wishes thoroughly to understand the spirit of the Epilogue to the Satires should read Bolingbroke's Dissertation upon Parties: in that treatise will be found the political groundwork of Pope's glowing rhetoric, just as the philosophical principles of Bolingbroke are found underlying the poetical fabric of the Essay on Man. . . . The opinions which Bolingbroke propounded as a politician Pope put forward in his two Dialogues as a poet and a satirist. He too lashed the monied Whigs, with Walpole at their head, in his tremendous invective against the corruption of the times; he too exalted the patriotism of the courtiers of the Prince of Wales as contrasted with the sycophants of the King and Queen. But the remedy for the national evils which he suggested was very different from Bolingbroke's Patriot King. It was his own Satire. Self-love and party spirit have rarely displayed themselves in a more subtle, and it must be added, in a more splendid shape."—*Elwin and Courthope.*

The title "Epilogue to the Satires" was, like that of "Prologue to the Satires," the device of Warburton. These two dialogues were originally published under the title *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-eight, a Dialogue something like Horace.*

DIALOGUE I

1. **Not twice a twelve-month, etc.** "These two lines are from Horace; and the only lines that are so in the whole poem; being meant to give a handle to that which follows in the character of an impertinent Censurer,

'Tis all from Horace; etc."—*Pope.*

12. **Bubo.** "Some guilty person very fond of making such an observation," Pope added in a note. Obviously Bubb Doddington.

13. **Sir Billy.** Sir William Yonge.

14. **H-ggins.** "Formerly Jaylor of the Fleet prison, enriched himself by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled."—*Pope.*

18. **Who cropt our Ears.** "Said to be executed by the Captain of a Spanish ship on one Jenkins, a Captain of an English one. He cut off his ears, and bid him carry them to the King his master."—*Pope.*

24. **Patriots.** "This appellation was generally given to those in opposition to the Court. Though some of them (which our author hints at) had views too mean and interested to deserve that name."—*Pope.*

26. **The Great man.** "A phrase, by common use, appropriated to the first minister."—*Pope.*

39. **Jekyl.** "Sir Joseph Jekyl, Master of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmost probity. He sometimes voted against the Court, which drew upon him the laugh here described of ONE who bestowed it equally upon Religion and Honesty. He died a few months after the publication of this poem."—*Pope.*

47. **Lyttelton.** "George Lyttelton, Secretary to the Prince of Wales, distinguished both for his writings and speeches in the spirit of Liberty."—*Pope.*

51. **Sejanus, Wolsey.** "The one the wicked minister of Tiberius, the other, of Henry VIII. The writers against the Court usually bestowed these and other odious names on the Minister, without distinction, and in the most injurious manner. See Dial. ii, v. 137."—*Pope.*

51. **Fleury.** "Cardinal: and Minister to Louis XV. It was a Patriot-fashion, at that time, to cry up his wisdom and honesty."—*Pope.*

66. **Henley-Osborn.** "See them in their places in the Dunciad."—*Pope.* Henley was "Orator Henley. Osborn was editor of the London Journal, a weekly paper controlled by the Walpole government.

68. **Y-ng.** Sir William Yonge. See *Prologue to the Satires,* line 290.

69. **The gracious Dew.** "Alludes to some court sermons, and florid panegyrical speeches; particularly one very full of puerilities and flatteries; which afterwards got into an address in the same pretty style; and was lastly served up in an Epitaph, between Latin and English, published by its author."—*Pope.*

70. "The blanks should be filled up thus: 'Hervey's,' 'Fox's,' 'The Senate's.' Henry Fox (next to his brother Stephen, Lord Hervey's dearest friend), had on January 24th, 1738, moved in a highly encomiastic speech a still more highly encomiastic address on the Queen's death. . . . 'The well-whipt cream of courtly sense' belongs to Lord Hervey, whom Pope suspected of having written Fox's encomiastic speech introducing the address, which address being adopted became the Senate's, and which Lord Hervey finally embodied in the celebrated epitaph on the Queen in Latin and English."—*Croker.* In the *Second Dialogue,* Pope seems to retract the implied accusation against Fox. See lines 166–170.

75. **Middleton and Bland.** Dr. Conyers Middleton, who dedicated his famous *Life of Cicero* to Lord Hervey. Bland had been master of Eton. Pope had attacked both in his *Dunciad.*

78. **Nation's Sense.** A cant term of politics at the time, somewhat like our *public opinion.*

92. **Immortal Selkirk, and grave Delaware.** "A title given *that* Lord by King James II. He was of the Bedchamber to King William; he was so to King George I., he was so to King George II. *This* Lord was very skilful in all the forms of the House, in which he discharged himself with great gravity."—*Pope.*

112. An allusion to current gossip about Lady Mary Wortley Montague and her conduct towards her sister, the Countess of Mar, and her French friend, M. Ruzemonde.

120. Japhet Crook. See *Moral Essays,* iii, 86.

121. Peter Walter. For Bond, see *Moral Essays,* iii, 100.

123. **Blount.** "Author of an impious and foolish book called *the Oracles of Reason,* who being in love with a near kinswoman of his, and rejected, gave himself a stab in the arm, as pretending to kill himself, of the consequence of which he really died."—*Pope.*

124. **Passeran.** "Author of another book of the same stamp, called *A philosophical discourse on death,* being a defence of suicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont, banished from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmost misery, yet feared to practice his own precepts."—*Warburton.*

125. **a Printer, etc.** "A Fact that happened in London a few years past. The unhappy man left behind him a paper justifying his action by the reasonings of some of these

authors."—*Pope.* See the account of Richard Smith in *The Gentleman's Magazine,* 1732, vol. ii, page 722.

129. "Alluding to the *forms of prayer,* composed in the times of public calamity; where the fault is generally laid upon the *People.*"—*Warburton.*

130. **Gin.** "A spirituous liquor, the exorbitant use of which had almost destroyed the lowest rank of the People till it was restrained by an act of Parliament in 1736."—*Pope.*

131. **Foster.** A Dissenting preacher who had been attracting large crowds in London.

133. In the *British Chronologist,* October, 1735, it is stated that "Mrs. Drummond, a young Scottish lady, having turned Quaker, came up to London, and preached in that city, and in most of the great towns of England, particularly to the whole University of Cambridge."

151. "Modern readers may require to be reminded that in Pope's days carting, or exhibiting from a cart, was a punishment of prostitutes and procuresses."—*Croker.*

DIALOGUE II

1. **Paxton.** Solicitor to the Treasury. Pope would of course be suspicious of any member of the Walpole administration, but in this case his suspicion was later justified. In 1742 Paxton was prosecuted for malversation.

11. **Ev'n Guthry.** "The Ordinary of Newgate, who publishes the memoirs of the Malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be so tender of their reputation, as to set down no more than the initials of their name."—*Pope.*

39. **wretched Wild.** "Jonathan Wild, a famous Thief, and Thief-Impeacher, who was at last caught in his own train and hanged."—*Pope.* Fielding's *Jonathan Wild,* published in 1743, is a biography of the thief adapted to satirize Walpole.

57. "Peter had, the year before this, narrowly escaped the Pillory for forgery: and got off with a severe rebuke only from the bench."—*Pope.*

65. **Scarb'row.** "Earl of, and Knight of the Garter, whose personal attachments to the king appeared from his steady adherence to the royal interest, after his resignation of his great employment of Master of the Horse; and whose known honour and virtue made him esteemed by all parties."—*Pope.*

66. **Esher's peaceful grove.** "The house and gardens of

Esher in Surrey, belonging to the Honourable Mr. Pelham, Brother of the Duke of Newcastle. The author could not have given a more amiable idea of his Character than in comparing him to Mr. Craggs."—*Pope.*

71. Secker. Bishop of Bristol (1735), then of Oxford (1737), and elevated to the Primacy in 1758.

71. Rundel. Made Bishop of Derry in 1735.

72. Benson. Made Bishop of Gloucester in 1733.

73. Berk'ley. The celebrated philosopher, Bishop of Cloyne, of whom Atterbury said that "So much understanding, so much knowledge, so much innocence, and such humility, I did not think had been the portion of any but angels, till I saw this gentleman."

77. **Halifax.** "A peer, no less distinguished by his love of letters than his abilities in Parliament. He was disgraced in 1710, on the change of Queen Anne's ministry."—*Pope.*

79. Shrewsbury. "Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, had been Secretary of state, Embassador in France, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treasurer. He several times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718."—*Pope.*

80. Carleton. "Hon. Boyle, Lord Carleton, (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle) who was Secretary of state under William III. and President of the council under Queen Anne." —*Pope.*

80. Stanhope. "James Earl Stanhope. A nobleman of equal courage, spirit, and learning. General in Spain, and Secretary of state."—*Pope.*

88. Wyndham. "Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Queen Anne, made early a considerable figure; but since a much greater both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmost judgment and temper."—*Pope.*

92. "He was at this time honoured with the esteem and favour of his Royal Highness the Prince."—*Warburton.*

99. my Lord May'r. "Sir John Barnard, Lord Mayor in the year of the Poem, 1738. A Citizen eminent for his virtue, public Spirit, and great talents in Parliament. An excellent Man, Magistrate, and Senator. In the year 1747, the City of London, in memory of his many and signal services to his Country, erected a Statue to him. But his image had been placed long before in the heart of every good Man." —*Warburton.*

129. Arnall. A political writer in the service of Walpole. Pope placed him in the *Dunciad,* Book ii, line 315, with a note saying that for his "scurrilities" he received 11,000 pounds in four years.

130. Polwarth. "Lord Polwarth was, after Barnard, the speaker whom Walpole considered the most formidable in debate of all the Opposition, on account of his fairness and independence."—*Elwin and Courthope.*

158. According to Horace Walpole, the allusion both here and in line 61 is to Lord Selkirk.

159. See *Imitations of Horace,* Book ii, Satire i, line 82.

161. A line taken from a poem addressed to Walpole by Bubb Doddington.

164. Pope added a note: "Spoken not of any particular priest, but of many priests." Commentators insist, however, on applying it particularly to Dr. Alured Clarke, who wrote a panegyric on Queen Caroline.

166. the florid Youth. Lord Hervey, who painted himself to conceal his sickly paleness.

167. "This seems to allude to a complaint made in verse 71 of the preceding Dialogue."—*Pope.*

185–186. Japhet, Chartres. "See the Epistle to Lord Bathurst."—*Pope.*

204. "From Terence: 'Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.'"—*Pope.*

222. Cobwebs. "Weak and slight sophistry against virtue and honour. Thin colours over vice, as unable to hide the light of Truth, as cobwebs to shade the sun."—*Pope.*

228. When black Ambition, etc. "The case of Cromwell in the civil war of England; and (verse 229) of Louis XIV. in his conquest of the Low Countries."—*Pope.*

231. Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star. "See his Ode on Namur; where (to use his own words) 'il a fait un Astre de la Plume blanche que le Roy porte ordinairement à son Chapeau, et qui est en effet une espèce de Comète, fatale à nos ennemis.'"—*Pope.*

237. Anstis. "The chief Herald at Arms. It is the custom, at the funeral of great peers, to cast into the grave the broken staves and ensigns of honour."—*Pope.*

239. Stair. "John Dalrymple Earl of Stair, Knight of the Thistle; served in all the wars under the Duke of Marlborough; and afterwards as Embassador in France."—*Pope.*

240, 241. **Hough and Digby.** "Dr. John Hough, Bishop of Worcester, and the Lord Digby. The one an assertor of the Church of England in opposition to the false measures of King James II. The other as firmly attached to the cause of the King. Both acting out of principle, and equally men of honour and virtue."—*Pope.*

255. "This was the last poem of the kind printed by our author, with a resolution to publish no more; but to enter thus, in the most plain and solemn manner he could, a sort of PROTEST against that insuperable corruption and depravity of manners, which he had been so unhappy as to live to see. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued those attacks; but bad men were grown so shameless and so powerful, that Ridicule was become as unsafe as it was ineffectual. The Poem raised him, as he knew it would, some enemies; but he had reason to be satisfied with the approbation of good men, and the testimony of his own conscience."—*Pope.*

APPENDIX A

CHRONOLOGICAL BIBLIOGRAPHY

There is no extensive bibliography of the literature about Pope. The present list may be supplemented by consulting the *Cambridge History of English Literature,* volume ix, Allibone's *Dictionary of Authors,* the *Dictionary of National Biography,* and the various indexes to periodical literature. All publications since 1920 are listed in the annual *Bibliography of English Literature,* prepared by the Modern Humanities Research Association, a series indispensable to any serious student of English literature. A definitive bibliography of Pope's own writings from 1709 to 1734 was published by R. H. Griffith in 1922, and future installments to complete the work are in preparation.

The list given here is designed primarily to assist the undergraduate student to some knowledge of the history of Pope's reputation, and thus to an intelligent evaluation of the more important essays on Pope as poet and artist.

1751. *Works of Alexander Pope.* Edited by Warburton.

9 volumes. An exact printing of the text as Pope finally left it. But the commentary is often more Warburton than Pope.

1755. Lessing, G. E. *Pope ein Metaphysiker!* A vigorous attack on Pope as a thinker, by the greatest German writer of that time.

1756. Warton, Joseph. *An Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope.* Volume I. The second volume appeared in 1782. An attempt to deflate Pope's reputation, by one of the important early Romanticists.

1779–1781. Johnson, Samuel. *Life of Pope,* in his Prefaces to works of the English Poets. A classic in our literature as well as in Pope criticism.

1796. Wakefield, Gilbert. *Observations on Pope.* A valuable collection of *minutiae,* with a preface defending Pope as a poet.

1806. Bowles, William Lisle. *Edition and Memoir of Pope.* 10 volumes. Unsympathetic treatment throughout, by a Romanticist.

1818. Hazlitt, William. *Dryden and Pope,* in *Lectures on the English Poets.* Brilliant appreciation, even though Hazlitt was in general out of sympathy with the Eighteenth century.

1819. Campbell, Thomas. *Specimens of the British Poets.* 7 volumes. In volume i, pages 260–270, Campbell defended Pope against Bowles, and thus precipitated the Bowles-Byron controversy.

1820. Spence, Joseph. *Anecdotes.* Edited by S. W. Singer. Valuable notes, published from manuscript, of the conversation of Pope and his circle.

1821. Hazlitt, William. *Pope, Lord Byron, and Mr. Bowles,* in *London Magazine.* Reprinted in Hazlitt's *Works,* Ed. Waller and Glover, volume xi, pages 486–508. A bibliography of the Bowles-Byron controversy is found in the *Cambridge History of English Literature,* volume ix, page 500. See also an article on Bowles by T. E. Casson, in *Eighteenth Century Literature, an Oxford Miscellany,* Oxford, 1909.

1848. DeQuincey, Thomas. *The Poetry of Pope.* Reprinted in DeQuincey's *Works,* ed. Masson, volume xi, pages 51–97.

1851. DeQuincey, Thomas. *Lord Carlisle on Pope.* Reprinted in his *Works,* volume xi, pages 98–155. DeQuincey delivered a slashing attack on Pope.

1853. Thackeray, W. M. *English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century.*

1854. Hannay, James. *Satire and Satirists.*

1858. Conington, John. *The Poetry of Pope,* in *Oxford Essays.* Reprinted in his *Miscellaneous Works,* Volume i, 1872. An examination of Pope's poetry by an eminent student and translator of Augustan Latin literature. Helped to restore moderation after DeQuincey's violence.

1862. Anon. *English Poetry from Dryden to Cowper,* in *Quarterly Review,* July, 1862.

1863. Taine, H. *Histoire de la littérature anglaise.* Taine butchered Pope to provide a French holiday and to illustrate Taine's theory.

1864. Sainte-Beuve, C. A. Review of Taine, reprinted in *Nouveaux Lundis,* volume viii. Rebuke of Taine, and defence of Pope, by the master of French critics.

1869. *Essay on Man,* edited by Mark Pattison.

1869. *Poetical Works,* edited by A. W. Ward. Globe edition. A handy volume, with accurate text, and elaborate notes.

1871–1889. *Pope's Works,* edited by Elwin and Courthope. 10 volumes. There are four volumes of poetry, and five of letters, and a life. Elwin, who edited the first two volumes of poetry and the first three of correspondence, became more and more hostile towards the poet to whom he had devoted the leisure of a lifetime. Upon his death, Courthope continued the edition with much more sympathy and understanding. The volume of biography is by Courthope.

1871. Lowell, J. R. *Pope.* Reprinted in *Literary Essays,* volume iv. Some hesitancy as to whether Pope should be called a poet.

1872. *Satires and Epistles,* edited by Mark Pattison.

1872. Pattison, Mark. *Pope and his Editors,* in *British Quarterly Review.* Reprinted in his *Essays,* volume ii. Scholarly and valuable.

1873. Stephen, Sir Leslie. *Pope as a Moralist,* in *Cornhill Magazine.* Reprinted in *Hours in a Library,* volume i.

1875. Dilke, Charles Wentworth. *The Papers of a Critic,* volume i. Contains important study of Pope's methods in the publication of his letters.

1875. Abbott, Edwin. *A Concordance to the Works of Alexander Pope.*

1880. Stephen, Sir Leslie. *Alexander Pope.* English Men

of Letters Series. Has remained the standard brief biography.

1881. Beljame, A. *Le Public et les Hommes de Lettres en Angleterre au dix-huitième siècle.* A study of the decay of patronage and the rise of the reading public. A classic in scholarship.

1883. Dennis, J. *Studies in English Literature.*

1886. Lang, Andrew. *Epistle to Mr. Alexander Pope,* in *Letters to Dead Authors.*

1886. Montégut, Emile. *Pope.* In *Revue des Deux Mondes.* Reprinted in *Heures de Lecture d'un Critique,* 1891. Sympathetic study, especially of the early work of Pope, emphasizing the existence of Romantic elements in it.

1897. Dobson, Austin. *Dialogue to the Memory of Mr. Alexander Pope,* in *Collected Poems.*

1901. Courthope, W. J. *Life in Poetry: Law in Taste.* Chapter viii. An excellent discussion of Pope's literary creed.

1902. Chesterton, G. K. *Pope and the Art of Satire,* in *Twelve Types,* later reprinted as *Varied Types.* Brief and erratic, but brilliant and stimulating.

1903. *Pope's Complete Poetical Works.* Edited by H. W. Boynton. Cambridge Edition.

1905. Courthope, W. J. *History of English Poetry,* volume v. Courthope was especially interested in tracing the relation of poetry to the changes in the national life, and his history is comprehensive and philosophical, at times somewhat too hasty in generalization. He is at his best dealing with the Eighteenth century, which he understood as few have done.

1909. Paston, George (pseud.). *Mr. Pope, his Life and Times.* 2 volumes. Readable biography, containing considerable new material.

1918. More, Paul Elmer. *Pope,* in *With the Wits.* Eloquent and penetrating defence of Pope as the poet of satire.

1918. Palmer, George Herbert. *Pope,* in *Formative Types in English Poetry.*

1919. Mackail, J. W. *Pope.* The Leslie Stephen lecture at the University of Cambridge. Both Palmer and Mackail are judicious, but sympathetic, in their discussion of Pope as a poet.

1923. Sherburn, George. *Notes on the Canon of Pope's Works, 1714–1720.* In *The Manly Anniversary Studies.* Important biographical study, tending to show that early attacks on Pope drove him into satire on the dunces.

1923. Ker, William Paton. *Pope,* in *The Art of Poetry.* Acute and illuminating comments on Pope's style.

1924. Strachey, Lytton. *Pope.* A lecture by a man with an Eighteenth century personality.

APPENDIX B

POPE'S VERSIFICATION

For further discussion of the versification of Pope, the following works may be consulted:

Abbott, Edwin A., *Introduction* to Abbott's *Concordance.*

McLean, L. Mary. *The Riming System of Alexander Pope.* In *Publications of the Modern Language Association,* 1891.

Mead, W. E. *The Versification of Pope in its Relation to the 17th Century.* 1889.

Saintsbury, George. *A History of English Prosody.* Volume ii, 1908.

The main principles of Pope's versification were formulated by him in a letter written to Cromwell, November 25, 1710. When Pope, in 1735, published some of his letters, he recast this letter, addressed it to Walsh, and dated it back to October 22, 1706, obviously to prove his own precocity. From this revised form of the letter, the following is quoted:

"After the thoughts I have already sent you on the subject of English Versification, you may desire my opinion as to some further particulars. There are indeed certain Niceties, which, tho' not much observed even by correct versifiers, I cannot but think deserve to be better regarded.

"1. It is not enough that nothing offends the ear, but a good Poet will adapt the very Sounds, as well as Words, to the things he treats of. So that there is (if one may express it so) a Style of Sound. As in describing a gliding stream, the numbers should run easy and flowing; in describing a rough torrent or deluge, sonorous and swelling; and so of the rest. This is evident everywhere in Homer and Virgil, and nowhere else, that I know of, to any observable degree. . . . We have one excellent example of it in our language, Mr. Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, entitled Alexander's Feast.

"2. Every nice ear must (I believe) have observ'd that in any smooth English verse of ten syllables, there is naturally a Pause at the fourth, fifth, or sixth syllable. It is upon these that the ear rests, and upon the judicious change and management of which depends the variety of versification. For example,

"At the fifth:

'Where'er thy navy | spreads her canvas wings.'

"At the fourth:

'Homage to thee | and peace to all she brings.'

"At the sixth:

'Like tracks of leverets | in morning snows.'

"Now I fancy that, to preserve an exact Harmony and variety, the Pause at the 4th or 6th should not be continued above three lines together, without the interposition of another; else it will be apt to weary the ear with one continued tone, at least it does mine. That at the 5th runs quicker, and carries not quite so dead a weight, so tires not so much, tho' it be continued longer.

"3. Another nicety is in relation to Expletives, whether words or syllables, which are made use of purely to supply a vacancy; *do* before verbs plural is absolutely such; and it is not improbable but future refiners may explode *did* and *does* in the same manner, which are almost always used for the sake of rhyme. The same cause has occasioned the promiscuous use of *you* and *thou* to the same person, which can never be found so graceful as either one or the other.

"4. I would also object to the irruption of Alexandrine verses of twelve syllables, which, I think, should never be allow'd but when some remarkable beauty or propriety in them atones for the liberty. Mr. Dryden has been too free of these, especially in his latter works. I am of the same opinion as to Triple Rhimes.

"5. I could equally object to the repetition of the same Rhimes within four or six lines of each other, as tiresome to the ear thro' their Monotony.

"6. Monosyllable Lines unless very artfully managed, are stiff, or languishing; but may be beautiful to express Melancholy, Slowness, or Labour.

"7. To come to the Hiatus, or Gap between two words, which is caus'd by two vowels opening on each other (upon which you desire me to be particular); I think the rule in this

case is either to use the Caesura, or admit the Hiatus, just as the ear is least shock'd by either; for the Caesura sometimes offends the ear more than the Hiatus itself, and our language is naturally over-charg'd with consonants. As for example; if in this verse,

'The old have Int'rest ever in their eye,'

we should say, to avoid the Hiatus,

'But th' old have Int'rest.'

The Hiatus which has the worst effect, is when one word ends with the same vowel that begins the following; and next to this, those vowels whose sounds come nearest each other, are most to be avoided. O, A, or U, will bear a more full and graceful sound than E, I, or Y. . . . To conclude, I believe the Hiatus should be avoided with more care in poetry than in Oratory; and I would constantly try to prevent it, unless where the cutting it off is more prejudicial to the sound than the Hiatus itself."

The student should be warned that Pope did not in this letter give a full description of the resources of his art. His versification, like that of any true artist, is too subtle and exquisite to be reduced to rules. The following comments[1] are intended only to quicken the reader's perception of the niceties of movement and modulation, most of which, as every experienced reader knows, are beyond analysis.

Metre.—The "normal" line of iambic pentameter is frequently modified; (a) a trochee is substituted for an iambus:

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand. (5).
No place is sacred, not the Church is free (11).
Has Life no joys for me? *or,* (*to* be grave) (273).
He spins the slight, *self-pleas*ing thread anew (90).
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece *nine years*" (40).

Some of these illustrations are, however, debatable. Some readers of Pope deny that he ever used a trochee except at the beginning of the line. Such readers would probably explain the last two illustrations as cases of divided emphasis; but line 273 would give them a difficult problem. The test of formulations of principles of versification is always in the easy, natural, and effective reading of the verse.

1 For convenience, all illustrations in this appendix are taken from the *Epistle to Arbuthnot,* the number after each indicating the line.

(b) a division of the emphasis on the two syllables of a foot is not infrequent:

I'd never name *Queens, Min*isters, or Kings (76).

Imputes to me and my *damn'd works* the cause (24).

Is there, *who, lock'd* from ink and paper, scrawls (19).

(c) frequently the metrical emphasis falls on an unimportant syllable or on a monosyllable; in such cases the metrical emphasis is lightened, or even nullified, the *tempo* of the line is speeded up, and some of the rhythm of the trisyllabic measure is borrowed for the instant, without losing the integrity of the fundamental iambic pattern:

All Bedlam, *or* Parnassus, is let out (4).

Fire in each eye, and papers *in* each hand (5).

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide (7).

PAUSES.—All commentators on Pope's versification mention his tendency to mass the cesura after the fourth, fifth, and sixth syllables, and the consequent breaking up of the line into two balanced or antithetical parts. But it should also be borne in mind that, in the process of developing and polishing the heroic couplet from Ben Jonson to Pope, *double pauses* were being used increasingly.

Tie up the knocker, || say I'm sick, || I'm dead (1).

They rave, || recite, || and madden round the land (6).

And curses Wit, || and Poetry, || and Pope (26).

Pope did not restrict himself to two pauses:

Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd, I said (1).

Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls (20).

Intermingled with pauses, which in themselves offered an infinite variety of rhythms, are lines which have no pause at all:

Happy to catch me just at Dinner-time (14).

Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope (25).

THE COUPLET.—In Seventeenth century English poetry there had been an increasing tendency to make each couplet a self-contained, independent unit of thought and rhythm, with a full pause at the end. Pope has a smaller percentage of unstopped couplets than any previous English Poet. But it is an error to say that he has none. Couplets ending with commas are not infrequent; and even where the couplets are punctuated as if independent, they are often really felt in reading as a part of a larger poetical unit, such as the lines on Atticus, or the conclusion of the *Dunciad*.

ALLITERATION.—The alliteration in Pope is especially striking where it emphasizes an antithesis or a balance.

A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer (16).

A friend in exile, or a father, dead (355).

But alliteration is an obvious device, and Pope's ear was also sensitive to the subtler effects of the repetition of consonants and vowels, usually called *tone color*. For examples of such melodiousness, the reader might turn to the Third Pastoral or to the *Essay on Criticism,* lines 337 to 383.

RHYMES.—Many of Pope's rhymes are defective, according to our present pronunciation. In such cases Pope is sometimes careless, sometimes correct according to the pronunciation of his day, sometimes borrowing the pronunciation of the Seventeenth century poets.

From Britannica -

Peter Abelard (1079-1142) - scholastic philos
wandered from school to school. Attend
Notre-Dame - downed theory of Realism
Began school near Paris. Succeeded
in theology. Chair at Notre-Dame & canon

Met Heloise (1101) - under care of uncle
Fell in love with her - tutor to her
Seduation - he broadcasted the affair
Heloise gave birth to son - Astrolabe
Abelard offered marriage - but to
be secret to not mar prospects
& position in church. Were
married - uncle let out secret - life
for Heloise unbearable - enters nunnery
Uncle seeks revenge - Abelard's future
ruined ends monastery. Heloise
finishes, self-sacrificed by becoming
a nun.

Abelard tried to start school again
later - success small - returned
to Monastery - misery. Turned hermit
again taught - oratory known as
Paraclete - many students.

Established Heloise as head of house
at Paraclete. She loved & respected for
her intellect. Wrote letters" uttering
human passion. After Abelard's death
she kept ashes & the ashes of both

Vol. I. Émile Legouis 1449-1660
Vol. II. Louis Cazamian 1660-1914

Pope—
ability to summarize in a
line as two whole pages etc.

Qualities of civilization:
Liberation
Memory work:- Be able to interpret
Essay on Criticism
Lines 60-61, 68-69, 88-89, 134-135, 199-2
215-216, 233-234, 335-336, 406-4
524-525, 558-559, 630-642.

Pope's periods of work:
Odes - while young.
About 20 yr. old — Imitative Od
Pastorals, Windsor Forest, Po
of the Lock, Essay on Criticism